TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME II — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1926 — NUMBER 41

The Great Theme

THERE is only one theme with blood and life in it for literature in our century. Plots that grow from it are vigorous and fecund, fruiting in stories that arouse attention and change the mind. Poetry inspired by it does more than please, it stirs: poetry unaware of it is likely to be jingle or an intellectual trick.

Many varieties of human experience relate themselves to this one theme, religion, love, and conduct most of all, but also happiness, humor, ambition, and peace. Whatever does not touch it somewhere is as unreal as eighteenth century pastorals or twentieth century theology. The drama may seem to play itself out over issues far removed, but if it is vital this is an illusion; they are aspects of the great theme.

The theme is so simple that it must be stated in half a dozen different ways in order to describe it. Simple things are always the most difficult to define. Reduced to lowest terms, it is the effect of machinery on man. Expanded a little, this includes every subtle influence of the age of applied science. It implies those changes in the means of subsistence and the spread of education which have made feminism possible. It includes the atrophy of the hand as a maker and as a moulder of material. It involves the wide substitution of reading for feeling. It is concerned with the nervous unrest of modern woman, pulled two ways by instinct and opportunity. It deals with the shallow strenuosity of modern man, who is easily dissatisfied because he has escaped discomfort without creating happiness. It is the especial phase for our time of the eternal struggle between high and low mindedness, but infinitely complicated since the best things in our civilization—printing, sanitation, free education, and the decline of fear—are dependent upon the same mechanization that produces the chattering salesman whose sum total of activity consists in creating artificial wants where natural desires have been numbed by standardization and convention.

For fifty years at least this has been a theme of lyric poetry, but the minor poets who summoned their readers into the country, or to sea, or into the land of the soul, were thin and poor because they did not realize that the problem had changed since Theocritus. They rebelled, but against what they did not precisely know. Housman, Hardy, Masefield, Frost—these men were different, because, instead of calling upon the sunset and the evening star, they went back to earth again for strength and spoke from new depths of living.

D. H. Lawrence, of all novelists in our time, has been most aware of the great theme, although many others have been close to it in English, and in French certainly Romain Rolland and Marcel Proust. The very weaknesses of Lawrence have made him, like a sensitive child, vibrate with the wind of change. His febrile passions, his excessive registration of sex, his sense, only equalled, if equalled, by Hardy's of the powerful relationships between man and his environment, his violent rebellion against the normal and the accepted, these hurt him as a novelist since at a touch upon any one of them he becomes a prophet, remaking the world according to his own somewhat fantastic desires. Like a Roman voluptuary he would sacrifice a nation for a night of perfect love, but such devotion qualifies him as an expert not only in love but also in the total emotional life of man and woman which thins or stops only at the peril of mind or life or both. He understands the dessication of mechanical living and his remedies, if violent, are not irrelevant. In "The Plumed Serpent," his last book, he damns the soulless, bloodless culture of America with the convenient ease of a fanatic, yet his rambling, repetitive story glows, where it does glow, with unequalled brilliance, and his morbid analyses of sick love, his hysteria of praise for unspoiled maleness, are stirring because they and Mexico are for him just a means of descanting upon the great theme.

Until we reach and pass the climax of the industrial revolution this will be the only theme for literature that is likely to make great books. It is the one inescapable conflict, it is the single fact that is in all facts, and already (like the Renaissance, like Mohammedanism) the mechanized life, the life by machines, aggressive egoism, intellectual irresponsibility race through all the industrialized world. We are in its shadow. Lawrence sees no remedy but in a new love relationship between man and woman, for either alone in egoism rackets into nervous failure the moment civilization becomes complete. Samuel Butler would have destroyed the machines. Keyserling would have us learn to pierce the subconsciousness on into our own emotional depths. These are tentatives only. The solution is over the horizon, but the theme is here.

"The Siege Is Over—"

By LEONARD BACON

THE siege is over. And the walls are down
In the dismantled city of the soul.
Here fire, and there the sword have taken toll
And the inhabitants have fled the town.
Courage ran first and with him good renown.
As for the famous captain self-control,
He's in the mountains hiding in a hole.
And not one passion trembles at his frown.

Despair's a silly word. It seems to me
Something by implication almost gay
Beside the thing that I perceive today
The liquid of the Phlegethonian stream,
The parching water in whose glass I see
My own face like an idiot's in a dream.

This Week

"The Great Abnormals." Reviewed by *Joseph Collins, M.D.*

"Acoma, the Sky City." Reviewed by *George Parker Winship.*

"The Silver Stallion." Reviewed by *Joseph Wood Krutch.*

"One Little Man." Reviewed by *Henry Sydnor Harrison.*

Next Week or Later

"Peary." Reviewed by *Capt. Felix Riesenberg.*

"The Great Valley." Reviewed by *Stephen Vincent Benét.*

Anatole France

By MAXIM GORKI

IF someone were to ask me: What is it that makes the spirit of France so unlike the spirit of other nations; what is its most peculiar and favorable characteristic? I should reply: The mentality of the French is almost entirely free from fanaticism of any kind and, in a like measure, from pessimism; French sceptics appear to me to be the disciples of Socrates not those of Protagoras and Pyrrhon.

Socrates, as we know, set limits to the futile enthusiasm which the sophists professed for the terrible power of reason, by bringing ethical principles into the anarchic storm of the mind that destroyed all "acknowledged truths," and by maintaining that extrinsic truth lies within the reach of Man on the one condition of perfect freedom of thought, directed to the knowledge of self as well as to the knowledge of life.

It is possible, of course, that I know little of the history of spiritual development in France and that my judgment is an erroneous one. But all I know leads me to represent the French genius as being happily affranchised of all cold, fanatical self-consciousness, free from the despotic desire to establish once and for all unshatterable dogmas, imprison every thought in the narrow bed of stereotyped systems, and defend the inviolability of those dogmas and systems with the vindictive cruelty of an inquisitor. It seems to me that the bed of Procrustes, the favorite furniture of all pedants who violate the freedom of knowledge, never possessed great popularity in France. And I find it more than natural that it should have been a Frenchman who said: "I think—therefore I live!"

To begin with Rabelais and Montaigne, who stretches out his hand across the ages to Voltaire, French scepticism in agreement with Socrates always maintained the necessity of knowledge. Rabelais, through the "oracle of the bottle" advised men to study nature, subjecting its forces to their own interests. Montaigne brands all philosophy that "hides from the sight of men" as "charlatanism." I cannot recall one merry smile of Jonathan Swift, but the monk Rabelais could laugh as no one knew how before him, and up to this day, up to Romain Rolland's "Colas Breugnon," Rabelais's laugh continues to ring in France. And we know that sound laughter is a guaranteed symptom of spiritual health!

In other countries we may find pessimistic philosophers, pessimistic poets, but I make a distinction between the pessimism of a man who, feeling insulted by endless searchings of harmony in the world and within himself, vehemently curses himself together with the rest of the world. I make a distinction between this type of pessimism and the hopeless resignation to the tortures of spirit and flesh, so abundant in our world and deserving annihilation. Therefore, I accept the pessimism of a Baudelaire, but I resent the dismal subjection of a Lenau to the evil chaos of facts. And I am fond of repeating the true, contemptuous words of Balzac, "Stupid as a fact."

Another point to which one should draw attention: Least of all in France does one hear and read about "the decline of Europe," the end of European culture.

Perhaps these comparisons, which might easily be developed and extended in every direction of life, will seem superfluous to the reader. But it is impossible to think of the genius of Anatole France without bringing in the spirit of the nation. In the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same way as Dostoevsky and Tolstoi revealed with an exhaustive completeness the soul of the Russian people, even so does Anatole France, to my mind, remain deeply and thoroughly linked with the spirit of his nation. It is probable that Russians will protest against this equalization, but that would only be an argument on tastes. Besides, I am not comparing æsthetic values — only the degrees of completeness with which the spirit of the nations is expressed in both cases. From this point of view Anatole France, to me, is equal to the greatest genuises of all countries. One should add to this that a spiritually healthy individual usually appears to us to be slightly elementary—this judgment being a wrong and unwholesome one and testifying merely to a perverted taste for life.

* * *

I will not speak of the beauty of France's mind. As I do not know his language I am forced to pass in silence over the graceful power and richness of his style, although these are felt quite clearly even in the Russian translations of his books. What makes me marvel most in France is his courage and spiritual healthiness. His was, truly, a case of "mens sana in corpore sano." He lived his life in the hard times of great social catastrophies and I do not recall that his penetrant wisdom ever committed a mistake in the criticism of events, although I am bound to say that I do not see how his attitude towards the war is to be reconciled with his attitude towards the ideals of communism. He possessed in a superlative quantity the reticence of an aristocrat of the soul—this noble quality never permitted him to increase the sadness of this world by complaints of mankind and tales of his personal sorrows—although there can be no doubt that this astonishing man suffered a good deal, and that, too, not only at the time when he courageously worked at a book like "L'Ile des Pingouins."

In a small notice "On Scepticism" he tells the story of John the Deacon:

> St. Gregory having wept at the idea that Emperor Trajan was about to be doomed to eternal damnation, God released the soul of Trajan from eternal punishment. His soul remained in hell but from that time no evil befell it.

Living in the grimy hell, so artfully, so perfectly organized by the leading classes of Europe, Anatole France, who had the outward appearance of a satyr and the great soul of an ancient philosopher, discerned and scented everything "evil" with a wonderful clear-sightedness. His large nose inhaled all the fetid odors of hell, however subtle they might be, and—like Socrates—France had both the inclination and the ability to discover evil in matters which current opinion acknowledged as good. His attitude in the sad affair of Dreyfus, the letter he wrote on account of the persecution of Marguerite, and many other facts suffice to convince us that France's scepticism had nothing in common with indifference in regard to the world and mankind. As an admirer of Pyrrhon he found a "moral doctrine" in the teaching of the ancient sceptic.

No one felt as keenly as he did the relativity of our conceptions of good and evil; in a criticism on Guy de Maupassant's book "Pierre et Jean," he with the gentle irony of a sage qualifies as "innocent" the common inclination to accept the relative for the absolute. In this case the word "innocent" as it sounds in Russian acquires more the meaning of "naïve." He was firmly convinced that we possess only one reality, and that is our mind. That is what creates the world. Religiously, infallibly, he believed in one truth alone: beauty. Speaking of a book by Bourdeau, called "The Sins of History," he used words cast out of pure gold:

> If I had to choose between Truth and Beauty, I should not hesitate: I should keep the latter, confident that it concealed within itself a truth more elevated, more deep than Truth itself.

Anatole France knew no other ethics but æsthetics, the ethics of the future! In the domain of justice itself he saw beauty before everything else, wisely foreseeing that human life would be just only when beauty would inform it. In my opinion, the reason why he valued every thought so highly was because thought seemed to him one of the most perfect incarnations of the beauty of the human spirit. But he never had the feeling of being a tool of the mind, a slave of it; it never became a fetish for him, just as reason never became an idol.

Anatole France, for me, was a lord of thought; he bore it, reared it, knew how to adorn it sumptuously with a word, and gracefully brought it into the world—alive, merry, smiling an ironical, although not an unkind smile. He directed its capricious saunters with the ease of a composer of genius leading an orchestra in which all the musicians consider themselves to be first-rate talents and are all individual to the point of being anarchic.

Reason, striving for repose as everything does in this world, proclaims all too frequently and self-assuredly various dogmas, theories, and systems, thus hampering the freedom of a further development and expansion of our notions. It often seemed to me that Anatole France saw Reason physically incarnated into a being of sinister shape: the head and fierce face of Abaddon on a body of a winged spider that tries hastily to entangle man in a tight web of different truths and thus paralyze his will for a further conception of the world.

Anatole France smiled sardonically at the sight of this particle desiring to enslave the whole.

One may call Anatole France a rationalist, but in that case a rationalist who tamed reason as one does a lion or a serpent. He was fond of playing and discussing with it. He teased and provoked it. With a simplicity which I would like to define as elaborate, he constantly pointed out to it the frailty of the truths that it affirmed. His logic dealt particularly vigorous blows to the thick and harsh skin of "common truths." I cannot remember one that remained untouched by the justly-famed irony of the great Frenchman. And the dissertations of the Abbé Coignard, as well as the sayings of the reine Pédauque, all crumbled down to ashes, revealing the frail, often hideous carcasses of paste-board truths.

* * *

I seem to hear Anatole France speak to his partner in the game, Reason, without for a minute losing his respect for it, with all the courtesy common to the French: "Oy yes, my Lord, you are great, in truth you are incontestably magnificent, but in spite of your venerable age you are still too young, and absolute perfection is still beyond your reach. . . You revolt, it is true, but it seems to me at times that your revolt arises merely from your desire to find repose in the comfortable nest of truths, and on the whole I doubt that you will be able ever to get the repose you seek, no matter how much you might wish it. You have started too many things and there is still a good deal of work to be accomplished, accomplished with more boldness, preferring the creation of hypothesis to the coarse modelling of dogmas."

It is needless to say that in the crown of glory that belongs to France, a country difficult to astonish with talent, the name of Anatole France will shine for ages.

They who decided to write merely the laconic words, "Anatole France," above the place where this wise man is to repose forever, decided wisely. These words express completely the significance of the man who, after having enriched the world with the treasure of his talent, departed this life in order that we should find it easier to understand and appreciate his work and his fascinating appearance more thoroughly.

Great Wits and Madness

"THE GREAT ABNORMALS." By Theo. B. Hyslop. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1926. $3.50

Reviewed by Joseph Collins, M.D.
Author of "The Doctor Looks at Literature," etc.

IT looks as if the question asked some years ago by an F.F.V., after he had made an uncermonious and unanticipated get-away from Bloomingdale, "Who is looney now?" may be answered, responsively: everybody. At least everybody who stands out conspicuously from the herd. That is the impression one gets from reading Dr. Hyslop's book but on re-reading it one realizes that he has to stand out so far from the herd that he no longer resembles any of them. If the book succeeds in conveying to the general reader a concrete idea of what mental disorder is, we shall forgive it its shortcomings, numerous as they are.

In the good new days when we shall have a pragmatic religion and a monistic morality, and no one shall strive to have his brother's conduct regulated by law, we shall no longer look upon insanity as a disgrace. We shall look upon it as we look upon pneumonia now: a lamentable accident, or as we look upon Bright's disease: the result of poor behavior and bad habits. Up to the present we doctors have not been able to induce the public to look upon it as a disease. It is really about as hard to dislodge a delusion from the mind of the public as it is from the mind of a paranoiac. One of its delusions is that there is a standard of mentality which is called sanity and that those who do not measure up to it, or down to it, are insane.

Sanity is a relative term, just as health is, and there is no such thing as insanity save a legal invention. When a man outrages a universally approved convention such as wearing clothes, and goes into the street naked; when a woman, believing she has been converted into a mass of slush and putridity, attempts to take her own life; when a youth replaces activity with inactivity, articulateness with mutism, rhythm with fixation, spontaneity with stereotypy, they are out of health and they do not behave as human beings who are in health behave. It may be to their advantage and to that of the community that they be locked up, but it is to the interest of the majority of individuals out of mental health not to be deprived of their liberty, nor segregated. Should we do so, the world may be the loser. What they need is constructive re-education. We should always keep in mind that what looks like insanity to man may look like sanity to God.

When you say to a friend, acquaintance or stranger that nearly all epochs in the world's history were initiated by potential or actual psychopaths, he suspects your own mental balance. But it is a fact that can be readily substantiated. Every advanced thinker and initiator of a new order from the time of St. Paul to the present has been classed by his contemporaries, at one time or another, with the insane. "The Great Abnormals" sets forth the queerness of some of them. It is a garnering from the literature of the obessions, delusions and hallucinations of tyrants, emperors, crusaders, alchemists, prophets and reformers. Although the book reveals neither literary skill nor historical discernment, it is interesting and informative, and it may help change the attitude of the public toward the mentally ill, and suggest to legislators and jurists the necessity of change in our lunacy laws, especially in certification of the insane.

* * *

The book would probably have had a greater chance of success had the chapter entitled "Peculiarities of Men of Genius" been omitted or re-written. As it stands now, the reader gains the impression that it was done by an inexperienced gleaner and polished up by an inexpert literary lapidarian. To say that Dante asserted his superiority to all his contemporaries and declared himself a special favorite of God only prompts the question: "Wasn't he, does anyone deny it, can it be denied?" There is no patency of abnormality in such assertion. And why should Ariosto be considered mad because he ran up and down the street to work off the excitement incident to being crowned with a laurel wreath by an emperor, while a member of the most powerful banking firm in the world is thought to be merely playful who, during the opening dinner of a fashionable resort hotel, stands upon a chair and beats a drum to give rhythm to the fun and frolic of that intimate gathering of strangers?

To say that Michelangelo's speech was frequently incoherent, and his letters still more so, prompts the rejoinder that it depends upon the auditor and the recipient. Certainly Vittoria Colonna, were she in the quick, would scarcely acquiesce. "Giordano Bruno openly expressed his settled conviction that he was a Titan who could destroy Jupiter; and also a messenger from God who knew the source of all created things." Well, didn't he? He was the parent of Descartes, Spinoza, Liebnitz and the only real descendant of Plato and Aristotle that the world had seen for nearly two thousand years. Is not a man who has made a new formulation of the philosophy of nature, and from whom all philosophy has flowed for the last four hundred years with the directness of a brook from a spring, justified in believing that he was a messenger from God? When I read that Sir Isaac Newton one day rammed his niece's finger into a pipe, it occurs to me that it might have been vengeance not absent-mindedness; she may have said to him "Is it hot enough for you today?" Nor does it convince me that Concato, one of the most brilliant physicians of his time, was psychopathic because at times he regarded himself as one of the lowest of men. Such belief is the safest soul-saving insurance policy that can be taken out.

But nothing reveals the fact that the author of this book did not go to the real sources of information for his statements so much as his comment on Gérard de Nerval, a poet, novelist and traveller who lived in the early years of the nineteenth cen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tury. He suffered three attacks of the mental disorder known ah manic-depressive insanity, and he placed the physicians interested in such disorder under great obligations to him by analysis of the aberrations of his perceptions, as no one has done since then until the advent of "Reluctantly Told" which is now just off the press. It would be difficult to compress more misinformation into a short paragraph than the following:

> John Humphrey Noyes, of the United States, professed and believed that he was endowed with the spirit of prophecy and established at Oneida a sect which recognized no human laws, looked upon property and marriage as robbery, and were assured every action, even the most trivial, to have been inspired by God.

In the concluding chapter entitled "The Remedy" there is a great deal of sense, but it is often badly expressed. "Real freedom is not to be gained by restriction in belief, prohibition by law, or constraint as to industry," and "the great war of the future will be that of self-realization" are pregnant with thought but not with lucidity.

Dr. Hyslop's talents and accomplishments justified us in anticipating a more convincing contribution to the knowledge of mental abnormality than he has given us. Newcomers to the subject may find it very acceptable.

Morley Abroad

THE ROMANY STAIN. By Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by Ernest Sutherland Bates

IT is appropriate that "The Romany Stain" should make its appearance in the spring, season of nostalgia, vague longings if not for the infinite at least for such poor earthly copies of it as can be found in other lands and foreign faces. In the spring the middle-aged man's fancy turns to thoughts of Europe. The tarry smell of Paris floats across the sea, the bootlegged tongue thirsts for the pure apéritif, and one's feet go wandering all night down endless English lanes or climb delightedly interminable Italian stairs. It is a rare treat, now that May is here, to steal a few hours from one's desk and loiter in European by-ways with Christopher Morley, eyes sharpened to his, thoughts stimulated to racing, nerves soothed by the philosophic odor of his eternal pipe. Needless to say, the France of these essays is neither the France of *tourisme* or the France of political despatches, and the England is not the England of unemployment and labor troubles, but those other more real, intangible countries that one knows but can hardly analyze, constituted not by governments and laws but by the flavor of places, the varying aromas of food, the expression of faces, gestures, habits, the little intimacies of close acquaintance that reveal the Anglicism of England, the Frenchiness of France.

Although written before "Thunder on the Left" or "The Arrow," pre-natal hints of both are found —the essays indicate more faintly the same attitude toward life as the later productions, an attitude so appealing to some of us, so repellent to others. Mr. Morley's chosen field is the shadowy no-man's-land where the soul and body meet, never in irreconcilable Pauline enmity, but fraternizing amiably, half indistinguishable in the obscurity. Here on the edge of the sub-conscious he seems to sport and play but warily alert to catch the spiritual meaning of each "conditioned reflex" and rescue from oblivion the burden of the moment ere it passes. If the mind is, as has been said, primarily "a consciousness of the body's interests," then Mr. Morley has intuitively gotten at the root of it. But he abstains from abstract theory. This intellectual indifference, if it be called such, seems to be partly native, partly voluntary. He is too enthusiastic, too generous, to be keenly critical of men or life, and in harmony with his temperament he deliberately chooses the beauty of appearances—and I know of no other contemporary writer who has given us so much of pure sensational beauty—rather than search for what he suspects to be the ugliness beneath. Sometimes, indeed, the undercurrent of doubt and pessimism flows up to the surface, as in the beginning and ending of "Thunder on the Left," and we have then a more poignant beauty; but there, too, the bitter brew and the dregs, so loved of realists, are rejected with a gentle shake of the head.

Not everyone, however, will care to accompany Christopher Morley in these travelings and musings. Simple, earnest souls there are, of Puritan extraction, still shockable by his perpetual gayety—more apparent than real—and his penchant for persiflage. What other writer of repute, indeed, would dare to print above his name: "the time, the plaice and the loved one all together," or "the old fellow sat staring at the fire in a serene despair, more like Santayana than Santa Claus," or "the fields of the Somme were won, not on the playgrounds of Eton, but in the tea-rooms of J. Lyons. You've heard of British Lyons." But however indecorous such boyish levity may be, the puns are at least no worse than some of Shakespeare's that actors still mouth upon the stage after three centuries. And if Mr. Morley is gay even in Pere-la-Chaise, why not? 'Tis in truth the gayest of cemeteries, like a pleasant dinner-party where each guest has his appropriate place-card and his souvenir, and there are no after-dinner speeches.

The simple, earnest souls may be dismissed, but there will be other objectors, of stouter breed, lovers of substance who sniff impatiently at every suggestion of mere ornament. These will be partly right and largely wrong. It is true that Mr. Morley sometimes invites us to a banquet composed wholly of condiments. His champagne occasionally needs one of those little wooden paddles—he will know the French name which I've forgotten—to remove the froth. He has too a way of disconcerting his admirers by plunging them, on an open road and all going well, into a sudden tangled jungle of inexplicable metaphors, or dragging them across arid wastes where strange words stand out like stone monoliths amid the surrounding emptiness. Thus when he tells us that he is a "solifidian" in the defence of "inkling" artists, I doubt if his readers will be greatly moved. And when he writes of Mont St. Michel, "In all that clean vacancy, framed in the blue scabbard of Normandy and Brittany, the holy boulder rises, a pinnacle of stone jewellery," there is one reader at least who gets no impression of Mont St. Michel or anything else, being too deeply engrossed in the difficult task of sheathing

CHARLES LAMB'S ROAST PIG

Drawing by *Walter Jack Duncan* for *Christopher Morley's* "The Romany Stain"

that pinnacle. Such criticism, however, is even easier to write than is the sentence criticized which, bad as it is, is still on a different level from the repertorial style of many of our novelists. Mr. Morley is a lover of words and may be forgiven if he sometimes loves not wisely but too well. One hesitates to ask him to weed and prune his garden lest some rare blossoms get thrown out by mistake. His defects are the defects of his qualities. Christopher Morley is all Christopher Morley,—spontaneous, unsentimentally tender, delightful, with a marvellously fertile fancy, ever fishing for beauty with too loose a net.

Four French Novelists

FOUR NOVELISTS OF THE OLD RÉGIME. By John Garber Palache. New York: The Viking Press. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by Richard Aldington

MR. PALACHE'S four novelists are Crébillon *fils*, Choderlos de Laclos, Diderot, and Restif de la Bretonne. It is a good choice from the extensive and comparatively unhackneyed region of eighteenth century French novels. The period between the Regency and the Revolution is particularly interesting to us today for several reasons. It was an age when the secular traditions of European society were subjected to very searching and destructive criticism, when multitudes of ideas were thrown out by minds like Voltaire's, Rousseau's, Diderot's, Montesquieu's, when even monarchs like Frederick of Prussia, Catherine of Russia, and Joseph of Austria dabbled in *philosophie* or reform, when the claims of science, commerce, democracy, and free thought fretted against the double tyranny of church and throne. And it was also an age when the novel became more and more fertile, absorbed some forms of literature and crushed others, threw off obsolete traditions inherited from decadent Greece and the Middle Ages, opened its pages to life in many forms and classes, analyzed character, diffused ideas, satirized abuses, fashioned Utopias. Above all, the French novel of this period studied women and the relations of the sexes, certainly with no more freedom and frankness than the great English and French writers of the sixteenth century but with more subtlety, with more perception of the fine interplay of character, with a more delicate license.

Obviously this sexual freedom and more or less delicate sensuality form one of the grestest differences between the French and the English-speaking novelists. The French have always tried to deal with their passions by refining them, the Anglo-Saxons by concealing or repressing them. Nine times out of ten the American and English are less shocked by brutality than by sensuality, however refined the latter may be; both nations are pleased to ignore the plainest facts of physiology and psychology. Indeed, they take up much the same attitude towards sexual matters that the French do towards their national finances; they will not face facts, they rely on blind conservative measures and, when things go wrong, they blame the influence of foreigners and clamor for the repression of everybody who points out the truth. French literature is comparatively free from the parasitic cant and false sentiment with which the English-speaking peoples have concealed the relations of the sexes; but this very quality has caused us to ignore, to condemn, to misunderstand or to deplore the French novel of the eighteenth century. Only in our own time do we observe Mr. Aldous Huxley joining hands with Crébillon *fils*. Yet all the old brutality and lack of delicacy reappear in Mr. James Joyce.

Mr. Palache has therefore performed a service by dragging four of these novelists on to the American scene. He writes with some reserve and caution and hardly reveals the whole truth about the subjects of his enquiries. As he remarks, not many of these novels have been translated into English, but while Mr. Palache's book was in the press a series of translations, under the editorship of Mr. Holland, made its appearance in England, and I am myself editing a more extensive series of eighteenth century French authors which will include Crébillon and, in time, many other novelists of the period. Thus, the present curiosity about the eighteenth century novel has or will soon have every opportunity for gratification.

If Mr. Palache had intended that his book should sketch the development of the novel he would have been compelled to include Marivaux, Prévost, and Rousseau at least. But he preferred to study four novelists whose work particularly attracted him and he has carried out his work with skill and considerable learning. Moreover, his four novelists are all inter-related and yet are sufficiently distinct to act as representatives of much that is most valuable in the *genre*. The most powerful and original intelligence among them is undoubtedly Diderot. But Diderot's novels were carelessly composed and hastily written, as private recreations rather than as serious work. Some of them were not published until long after his death. Diderot impresses his age more by his personality and his extraordinary powers of conversation than by any reputation as a formal writer. His mind was a prodigious exchange and mart of ideas, and his collected works are a chaos. "La Religieuse" is perhaps the most coherent, "Le Neveu de Rameau" the most original, and "Les Bijoux Indiscrets" by far the most licentious. This last book was written by Diderot in about a fortnight to show his mistress that he too could write in the vein of Crébillon *fils*. But it was impossible for a tumultuous and vigorous personality like Diderot's to imitate slavishly or even accurately. "Les Bijoux Indiscrets" may show a superficial resemblance to Crébillon's novels, but it has a force and exuberance which are peculiar to Diderot and it lacks Crébillon's observation of character and peculiar malice. The impatient energy of Diderot could not be schooled to this precise observation.

Crébillon *fils* is obviously a pupil of Marivaux, but his personality was very different from Marivaux's and his conception of the novel more mature. "Marianne" is a great landmark in the history of the novel—it precedes all Richardson's books—but it is still trammeled by the traditions of the picaresque novel, and though it breaks away from the aristocratic conventions of the seventeenth century, it is not satirical and it is romantic. Crébillon took as his special subject the psychology of sexual rela-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions among the fashionable people of his age. These relations had evolved, from various causes, into a highly elaborate game, all the more interesting because of its artificiality and dangers. There was, for instance, always the danger that the woman might be found out or the man fall in love. The game can only be played in a long-established, very civilized, idle and clever society, and the necessary refinement can only be maintained by a whole set of delicate, curious conventions understood and practised by intelligent people. The behaviour and motives of these "lovers" interested Crébillon hugely and he depicted them in a series of novels and dialogues which are sometimes verbose but always marked by great penetration, skill in analysis of character, realism of conversation, and a slight but definite satirical turn. The ordinary English view (see Encyclopædia Britannica) that Crébillon was an "immoral writer" is senseless He was a keen student of manners and the sly malice of his studies was recognized and greatly relished by sophisticated people like Gray and Horace Walpole.

In Crébillon's character there was nothing psychologically abnormal. In Diderot there is just a suspicion of excess, while Restif de la Bretonne was clearly and unmistakably abnormal—he has a place in Mr. Havelock Ellis's great work. But Restif, as Mr. Palache points out, was an extraordinarily keen observer of life among the poorer classes and a writer not only of great fertility and unevenness but at times of real power and originality. He was the son of a peasant, a printer by trade, a great worker and tirelessly curious in his observations of human nature. He was much influenced by Rousseau and his work is a positive jungle.

The greatest novel of all those discussed by Mr. Palache is the "Liaisons Dangereuses" of Choderlos de Laclos. This remarkable book, which appeared only seven years before the Revolution, is one of the highest achievements of the eighteenth century novel. Its only rivals for the position of first place are "Marianne," "Manon Lescaut," and "La Nouvelle Héloïse." As Comte Tilly remarks in his memoirs, the "Liaisons Dangereuses" was a "straw blowing in the wind of Revolution." Laclos was both a theorist and a realist, a disciple of Rousseau and a follower of Crébillon. His other writings are negligible but in this one novel he equalled and very possibly surpassed all his predecessors. Its verity is strikingly confirmed by the memoirs of the period and its reputation has consistently increased since its revival in the middle of the last century. The characters of Valmont and Madame de Merteuil are triumphs of the novelist's art and the whole conduct of their diabolical intrigues is the work of a master. The "Liaisons Dangereuses" is not a work of mere fiction; it is the summary and the condemnation of a whole society.

Ben Lindsey Speaks Out

THE REVOLT OF MODERN YOUTH. By Judge Ben Lindsey and Wainwright Evans. New York: Boni and Liveright. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by Edward C. Lindeman

JUDGE BEN LINDSEY has come to be a symbolic figure in American life. He personifies qualities which were once native to the frontier and are still deeply cherished, though seldom practiced, by public officials—courage, artless candor, zeal for the under-dog, belligerent individualism and unquenchable idealism. Fred Howe, Fremont Older and the tired radicals of the nineties may disavow their lost ends and fruitless means but not so Ben Lindsey; he finds new dragons to slay, fairer virtues to defend. After a quarter-century of service with the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver, he chooses for his enemy that medieval recrudescence called the Ku Klux Klan.

When that battle was raging a few months ago and his re-election hung in the balance, the country looked on with amazement. Politicians in high places were timidly evading or placating this new subterranean force which here and there struck fearsome blows from the dark; Ben Lindsey went out of his way to combat it, and what is more he won!

And this is a book about Ben Lindsey. Its generalized subject-matter revolves about the contemporary morals of youth but the pervading focus is the author's point of view. In this essay he goes further in open defense of non-conventional conduct than any other publicist in America has thus far ventured. He believes, for example, in "the right of competent, unmarried women to bear, rear, and support children out of wedlock if they wish." Trial marriages and birth control seem to him to be experimental methods for testing and improving the institution of marriage. Indeed, he views marriage as a legal and social contract on behalf of children and not on behalf of sex relations; in this area the sanctions must be above legal constraint. His pages teem with illustrations from experience which are aptly used to substantiate his views. In the light of this intimate contact with the problem, he would join hands with modern youth in a hearty attack upon the great "national conspiracy of silence that treats sex as a shameful and forbidden thing." His plea is for freedom, honesty, banishment of fears and tribal superstitions, and enlightenment. "To put it bluntly," he writes, "I am more interested in the health of these young people than I am in their 'morals'."

Judge Lindsey and his work demand a special category; his methods are largely personal and subjective and consequently have little scientific value. He cannot, for example, advantageously be compared with Miriam Van Waters whose labors fall in the same field.

What he says carries conviction only to those who already have faith in him as a person. His methods are not transferable and are hence valid only for him. I should think that even his most devoted friends would wish at times that he could bring his intelligence into harmony with his emotional idealism. They must shudder when they see his portrait and testimonial in full-page advertisements of correspondence courses for "scientific mind training." But he *is courageous*—and there are so few.

Inner India

INDIA. By Sir Valentine Chirol. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by Howard Swiggett

THIS is not a book written in the defence of India. It is an important attempt to supply, for fragmentary opinion about India, at least the beginning of a unified history. The literature on India is voluminous, and as chaotic as her politics and religions. Much of it has been mere Army and Service memoirs and letters. Few people have ever tried to select from the amazingly complex history of 320,000,000 people living and the millions dead, who in Hinduism so profoundly affect the living, the materials for their single history. The focus for the material, the spot from which to regard the pomp and circumstance of Simla and "the small villages and hamlets which reproduce in our own times immensely ancient conditions of life which have survived all the vicissitudes of Indian political history" would have been too hard to find.

Sir Valentine Chirol has chosen for his focus the all but impossible problem of unity in a subcontinent that is overpopulated, hampered by caste, and by religions as warlike and incompatible as the Mohammedan and Hindu, broken as well into a hundred fractures of Native States and British India.

He has written a profound book, neither patriotic nor partisan. Only such questions as the responsibility of British rule for the famines break his scholarly reserve, as Balfour's was at Washington until, under the goading of the French, he spoke of the British dead in France. He has little patience for "the reckless critics (who) write as if there had been no famines in India before British rule." So, too, with taxation. There was no Golden Age without it.

India means to most people such association-words as Taj Mahal, mutiny, oppression or ingratitude, and little more. This book on India disregards all the symbols and shibboleths about her. A reader entirely ignorant of India might read Lord Robert's "Forty-one Years in India," Curzon's two volumes, "British Government in India," or Gibbon's "The New Map of Asia," and there would be little to suggest when he read Chirol's "India" that it dealt with the same country. The other books are, in Bain's phrase, "but little isolated fragments of her lore."

There are no sweeping condemnations of Government or Indian in the book, and yet what to Western minds must be the horror of the Hindu religion has never been made plainer. On the other side the story of Amritzar. The reviewer heard Mr. Lajpat Ral's impassioned denunciation of British rule in India after the massacre in the Jaliarwala Bagh, but the horror was not as plain as it is in this grave book.

The story of Gandhi and Swaraj is told with painstaking fairness, but for all the judiciousness it is never admitted that India is in the grasp of the "Satanic civilization."

The Government of India may have failed, may have accomplished little for the peasant in a hundred and fifty years; the British color line, her Manchester trade, her use of the Indian Army outside of India, treatment of Indians in Kenya, especially the fact that she may have grown inclined to regard the possession of India as an Imperial asset to be administered in accordance with the complex interests of an expanding Empire may all represent tyranny or incompetency in individual cases, but the author sees in them rather the fact that the contact of Western industrialism and thought with the East involves men and the issues they are seeking to administer in a Niagara over which they have small control and which they can only begin to control by an acceptance of the facts involved.

The glitter of India is omitted from the book. Mountstuart Elphinstone, the friend of "Doughty Deeds," who went to a great work in India at fifteen, is mentioned, but the great Henty figures, like Roberts, Younghusband, and Lumsden, the founder of the Guides, even the Northwest Frontier itself, have apparently left nothing in India which is significant "in a picture of the country as it is today." Possibly "the sooner they go the better for the country."

The beginning of an adjustment and of progress in India, the author feels, lies in the admission that higher Western education has been poured too fast into the Indian minds. (It would be interesting to know the psychological data an expedition such as Jung's to primitive Africa might secure in Hindu India.) Agriculture and the land are the beginning of the solution. Besides them nothing is of much consequence. The book sums itself up in the moving passage, "India must be overwhelmed by the economic tide which is beating upon her from the outside world unless her rulers are prepared to meet it with all the great reserves of strength still waiting to be roused to life in her own soil, and in the countless millions whose immemorial devotion to it, as deep as that of any peasantry in the world, still waits release from the twofold incubus of ignorance and poverty."

Wit and Poetry

WHAT THE QUEEN SAID. By Stoddard King. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1926. $1.50.

THIS first volume of Stoddard King's "facetious fragments" is a garnering from the verse originally printed in his daily column in *The Spokesman-Review* of Spokane and elsewhere. Stoddard King is of the *genus* "colyumist," and also, incidentally, he wrote a certain popular song that was intoned everywhere during the late War, namely, "The Long, Long Trail." Vachel Lindsay has been enthusiastic in introducing his work to Eastern readers.

The author has won his spurs in the lists of verse. He enters, with "What the Queen Said," a select group of singers; F. P. A., Don Marquis, Arthur Guiterman, Ted Robinson, Keith Preston, Deems Taylor (when he is not writing music), Newman Levy, and who have you? When the next truly selective and modern anthology of American light verse is collated he ought to occupy a notable place. And he is quite likely to write more of his fantastic verse which crosses the shadowy border into the realm of real poetry.

The Saturday Review
of Literature

Henry Seidel Canby ..... *Editor*
William Rose Benét ..... *Associate Editor*
Amy Loveman ..... *Associate Editor*
Christopher Morley ..... *Contributing Editor*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President, Roy E. Larsen, Vice-president, Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office, at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. II. No. 41.
Copyright, 1926, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sky City

ACOMA, THE SKY CITY. By Mrs. William T. Sedgwick. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by George Parker Winship

Harvard University

AN American community of several hundred persons has maintained itself for more than four centuries in a single locality, contented with its lot, and never once losing the only thing it values highly, its communal self respect. It is an extraordinary record in many ways, but most of all for the way in which the individuals of this group have kept themselves to themselves; in good times and bad, proud, aggressive when threatened but never seeking trouble or anything else that did not belong to them by age-long right, dignified, and above all self-contained within the narrow confines which they had chosen to be their own. The story of this people and of their hill-top home overlooking desert sands well deserved a volume of 300 pages carefully printed and informingly illustrated.

It is not an easy place to get to, and never was. That is why their forefathers chose it. They have nothing that anyone need envy them—except their abiding strength of character. The nearest water for growing crops is a dozen miles away, and all their food supplies must be brought over the sandy trail to be stored on the hill-top. One typical thing worth noting, which this author does not mention, is that in ordinary times, when not depleted by seasons of drought, these people keep in their storerooms a two-years' reserve supply of food.

Some centuries ago, when this racial stock penetrated the region now called New Mexico, the founders of this community kept on until they came to a hill with walls so sheer that there was not a place where the flat top could be reached unaided. Holes chipped in the sides of a narrow cleft supplied footholds for a trail to the top, where they built their houses with material brought from below. A hollow place was enlarged into a reservoir for water. They would have been there now, if the God of the storm cloud had not sent them away. One summer day, when all the villagers were at the farms below, except three old women too infirm to travel, a lightning flash abolished the trail. It was a sign not to be disregarded. The nearest hill was not quite so inaccessible, but defensible, and on this new homes were built. This was an old settlement when the Spanish troopers of Coronado visited it in 1540, and it is in this "Sky City" of Acoma that the inhabitants still preserve their ancient character.

* * *

Mrs. Sedgwick's volume about the "Sky City" makes no claim that it adds new information or that it is a work of original investigation, beyond what is inherent in reading everything that has been printed about her subject and coördinating whatever seemed significant into a readable narrative. This has been done judgmatically, which is on the whole quite as deserving of being called productive scholarship, as most of the results which pass as original research. She has visited Acoma more than once, as well as the other pueblo villages which claim affinity to it. Her exceptional opportunities for acquaintanceship with the California scholars who are opening the way into the archival sources for the history of Spanish-America, give the volume distinctive value on the documentary side. It is not clear that she has been equally fortunate in regard to the ethnologists who are familiar with the native Southwesterners. She knows all that is in the books, but there is a tendency to accept one printed page as being just as good as another.

This confidence in the printed books leads her to take as the text for her chapter on Myths, Andrew Lang's dictum that "Curiosity and credulity are the characteristics of the savage intellect." The remark may be true of the only savages that Andrew Lang ever had a chance to observe, who belong to a famous London club of that name. As for the people about whom Mrs. Sedgwick is writing, who are no more savages than she is, it would be hard to pick two words less descriptive of their characteristics. It is in this same chapter that she quotes in a footnote, without apparently realizing its significance, the opinion of F. W. Hodge concerning tales of human sacrifices; "It is just the kind of thing the Indian loves to pour into the eager ears of too gullible whites when they have the effrontery to pry too familiarly into their beliefs; but what fun they had the next moment among themselves. Give a Pueblo Indian a hint of the kind of answer you are seeking, and he will accommodate you to the fullest extent." This warning might well have been printed on nearly every page of this, as of every other book about the aboriginal Americans. It does not mean that the Indian is an inveterate liar, but that he values truth too highly to waste it on those who are incapable of appreciating it. This opinion is that of the man who knows the Pueblo people more intimately than anyone else who has approached them from the ethnological side. He has talked with them in their own tongue for more than thirty years, and today his friendship is valued by leading men among them, "chiefs" or "caciques," who are the grandsons of his earlier friends. As a scholar, although he has spent his life on American anthropology, he is unproductive, and his name appears infrequently in this volume. Others before him have likewise chosen to keep their knowledge to themselves, rather than part company from colleagues who have fallen into the trap baited by hints of what they wanted to learn.

* * *

Mrs. Sedgwick is neither gullible nor uncritical. Her attitude toward the Indians is not only friendly, but animated by a deep desire to be of help to them. She wants others to share her appreciation of them. She has given the strongest proof of her readiness to to take their part, at any cost of money or effort. She is eager to do anything for them—except leave them alone. This, being of European blood, she cannot do, and it is the only thing which the people of Acoma ask of her and of everybody else. There is nothing on that wind-swept rock that she would envy if it belonged to her next-door Boston neighbor. Yet she has written a book almost pathetic in its hopeless longing "to penetrate to the heart of the Acoma secret."

Mrs. Sedgwick understands the aboriginal point of view immeasurably more sympathetically than most of those who write readable books about the Indians. What she fails to perceive, is that the key to the Acoma secret is hidden behind the one thing hardest to realize, that these human beings living on their hill-top react to a given situation in precisely the same way that any other well-bred persons would. Take the opening episode in the book. An automobile deposited three strangers with their luggage, and the hired chauffeur, who alone spoke the language of the place, made the necessary arrangements.

> Quickly finding the woman whom we sought, we asked if she would be able to keep us over a night. With a grave inclination of her head, but no word, she turned, and we followed till she paused before ascending by a ladder to the house where she lived. Leaving our small impedimenta for her to dispose of, we made our first circuit of the pueblo. The quiet dignity and grave courtesy of our hostess never forsook her, but they did not chill us; and while we were with her we felt welcome to make ourselves as comfortable as we could.

In the morning, they learned that everybody who could get away had left the hill for the farms.

> The visitor is never likely to be unaware of an impenetrable aloofness of mind and manner which holds him far from intimacy. Our hostess soon made evident that she was eager for us to leave early (the neighbors must have been up and away for hours) and she more than sped the parting guest with inviolable dignity but also with very evident relief.

This of course is precisely what would have happened if three well-to-do Chinese students had deposited themselves in any New England village at even-tide, in the middle of harvest, to pass one night "with cherished hopes of evening talk and tales of the long ago and the far away . . . who merely longed to preserve and record their swiftly vanishing tradition."

* * *

This Acoma hostess was typical of the behaviour of her people since recorded history knew them. They have not invited strangers to visit them, nor have they intruded themselves upon others. Home is not a place they wish to get away from, and they do not complain because it has its regular occupations. They do not appear to be grateful when the routine of life is interrupted and made harder. But all who have gone to the hill have been received as their actions called for. If they came armed and looking for trouble, the men of Acoma gave them all they could, and if it was possible to keep the trouble away from the village by going to meet it, they did this also. Only once is there any record of what passes for savagery, when a missionary who had established himself on the hill, met marytrdom. Not one particle of evidence ever reached his friends as to how he died, but the stories of his tortures hint at nearly everything that the European imagination likes to associate with such occasions. There is again no evidence that this missionary had expounded the future life below as well as above, but if he did, it would have been true to Indian ways if they showed him as nearly as they could what the Hell he taught was like.

The volume in which the story of Acoma is set forth, was not intended to be a sociological study, but it ought to have a place in every college course which deals with right living. The people of this village have come near to showing how this can be done, over a period long enough to make the experiment of value. They even have (*teste* our authoress) a deserved reputation for personal cleanliness, without taking morning baths. They have also been able to protect their young people in large measure from familiarity with some of the less desirable habits of the European races which have attempted to reduce them to the practices of civilization. In the communal houses which make the village, the privacy of each family is maintained with almost exaggerated strictness. This has been no Utopia, communistic or otherwise, yet in four hundred years nobody has reported chronic poverty nor apparent wealth, and there have been no appeals for individual or public charity. This has been incidental to a system of unquestioned private property and of individual land tenure for the cultivation of garden patches. Behind it all, perhaps explaining much of it, is the fact that they do not tell how it is done. It is the apotheosis of those who mind their own business.

There is much in Mrs. Sedgwick's volume besides the historical account from which most of these facts, and a part of the interpretation of them, have been drawn. This is the portion which treats specifically of Acoma. The other chapters, on folk lore, religion, games, and other more general subjects, deal perforce with all the pueblos which claim kinship with the "Sky City." The reticence of these hill folk makes it necessary to seek information about their habits of life and of thought, among the more communicative villages of similar inheritances. For the reader, this has the important advantage that it makes the volume a guide not to one place alone, but to all the pueblo settlements of Arizona and New Mexico. No other single book contains as much that the visitor to that region ought to know, if he wishes to understand sympathetically the native denizens of these oldest permanent settlements in what is now the United States.

The Cycle of Poictesme

THE SILVER STALLION. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by Joseph Wood Krutch

"THE Silver Stallion" constitutes another instalment of Mr. Cabell's vast work and adds a dozen new legends to the cycle of Poictesme. It seems that once in the days when Jurgen was still a boy, the puissant and terrible Dom Manuel, Count of Poictesme and head of the Fellowship of the Silver Stallion, was mysteriously translated to another sphere and that his passing marked the end of an epoch. The Fellowship was inevitably dissolved, the nine champions who composed it were scattered to the ends of the earth, there to meet the various strange dooms assigned to them, and Poictesme knew its ruler no more. But Dom Manuel, after the way of heroes, continued to pass a strangely transmogrified existence in the minds of his people. Even on the occasion of his obsequies (conducted, as is necesarily the case when people insist upon being transported instead of dying naturally, with the corpse *in absentia*) those who were present found some difficulty in recognizing their somewhat unscrupulous lord from the description of his virtues which was given at the time, and as the years passed the memory of the idealized Manuel became in the land a force which made for a righteousness in which the living Count had not been particularly interested. It was, moreover, rather commonly believed that he would some day return as a fully developed Redeemer to complete the work of reforming Poictesme which the religious party had in hand, and thus the people were provided with those two most admirable things—an Ideal and a Hope.

To the younger generation the new faith presented no intellectual difficulties but among those who had known the hero in the flesh there was a good

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deal of philosophic speculation concerning the nature of the relationship between the ideal and the real and yet so obviously useful was the legend that even those not themselves given to any intemperate enthusiasm for the stricter virtues thought it their duty to encourage the fraud and when Jurgen (grown old during the course of events) reflected that he was the child who had reported the supernatural end of Dom Manuel and hence the ultimate source of the legend, even his doubts were of no very disturbing kind:

From any practical standpoint, Jurgen obscurely felt, it would be inconvenient to be quite as perfect and superb as all that. Any, as one might say, defenseless householder whom the all-powerful Redeemer had explicitly and unaarguably singled out to live in the heroic sanctity of an apostle would be, of course, in quite another and wholly justifiable case. Yet the testimony of that child appeared to have done more than anything else toward establishing Dom Manuel's supremacy over all the men that Poictesme had ever known; indeed when every fostering influence was allowed for, the whole cult of the returning Redeemer had begun with the testimony of that child. And perhaps it was natural enough (in this truly curious world) that Jurgen nowadays should be the only person remaining in any place who was a bit dubious as to the testimony of that child. Anyhow, young Jurgen had brought down from Morven a most helpful and inspiring prediction which kept up people's spirits in this truly curious world; and cheerfulness was clear gain. The fact that nothing anywhere entitled you to it could only, he deduced, make this cheerfulness a still clearer gain. Meanwhile (among so many perplexities) it was certain that Poictesme, along with the rest of Christendom, had now its wholly satisfactory faith and beneficent legend.

The moral of this legend which is, by the way, crammed with incidents and which reveals no trace of any decline in its author's marvelous fertility of invention, is manifestly the same moral which Mr. Cabell has always preached. From first to last he has loved to show how divorced is the truth by which men live from the actualities about them, but it is, I think, very easy to see that Mr. Cabell's tone and emphasis have been gradually shifted until what was once a romantic faith tinged with irony has become a cynicism in which there remains only a faint overtone of faith. He began, as everyone knows, an unashamed romantic. Into his novels there crept, then, a note of irony which was at first hardly more than an apology offered to those who might think his romanticism naïve, but this irony grew until it became, first of coördinate importance, and then, in "Jurgen," supreme. So gradual was this process and so completely did it consist in no more than a change of emphasis that it was not adequately noticed, but there lies, as a result, a vast gulf between, let us say, "The Cream of the Jest" and "The Silver Stallion," in spite of the fact that their morals are ostensibly the same. The first, in spite of its touches of cynicism, was an apology for romantic love; the second, in spite of its dubious tribute to the power of the ideal, is a satire on hero worship in all its forms. Thus Mr. Cabell who has seemed so detached from the main streams of development in American literature has nevertheless completed a cycle of evolution in himself. He began as a Maurice Hewlett; he has ended as a Voltaire.

The Life of Herbie

ONE LITTLE MAN. By CHRISTOPHER WARD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

WHEN "The Triumph of the Nut" appeared in this paper, I cut the piece out, circulated it till it was tattered and hailed Mr. Christopher Ward as my favorite author. Merely by laying his fingers upon the stranger spots of Mr. Anderson's very strange story, and pulling them out just a little stranger, he set us all shouting with appreciation and delight. That was as good a piece of literary parody as I or anyone else had ever read, and by the same token, as ransacking a piece of criticism.

In this his first essay at the novel it is not surprising if Mr. Ward, though successful, is not so emphatically successful. His story here is well and winningly done, and nearly all very good. What we seem to miss, on the whole, is the powerful interest of a perfectly fresh story to tell, or of new "news about life."

The theme is a fine one. The tale of the disadvantaged man, or let us more specifically say, the shy, sensitive, ineffectual man, handicapped for the rough world by the very sensitivity which makes him in some ways superior—the tale of this man and of how he "comes to terms with life" will doubtless summon story-writers as long as stories are told. In the ancient days the tendency of our writers was to treat the thesis romantically, showing the handicapped man as overcoming his disabilities and arriving at some sort of victory in the end. There was Bunker Bean, a classic example. The newer mode is to show the superior, artistic man as completely conquered by the realistic environment—perhaps overtaken by irreparable disaster. One view of the cosmos is as true as the other, no doubt. Or possibly the new novelist offers us a hero of slightly tougher texture, strong enough to break with the mean or vulgar life about him, leaving that life flat, so to say; in that case we are likely to find him at the end keeping a bookstore west of Washington Square —extremely free, of course, yet probably having decided to marry the girl after all. Among these changing modes and points of view, Mr. Ward may be said to have taken a middle ground. His little man hasn't changed a particle at the end, though he is allowed his single plucky moment; all the same, Herbie Frick has acquired a possession which is going to make his life a lot more interesting henceforward.

Through the earlier stages of his preparation, the novelist is constantly confronted with choices, decisions to make, some of them far-reaching in their consequences. The author here has done so competently what he set out to do, the story moves along so well once he gets into it, that we have to feel that he wasn't always quite fortunate in his original choices, as to material and character. The first and fundamental question he had to ask himself was: How much "stuff" should he give his Herbie, to make the soul of the youth a suitable field for the explorations of the biographer? Mr. Ward decided to give Herbie next to nothing. It was a perfectly legitimate decision, but it at once threw a corresponding burden on the sheer "story interest," or the poignancy of the dilemma in which the little man is caught, or the pure genius of the narrator. The falling short seems to be, in one word, that none of these factors is equal to the strain.

* * *

Half the book, almost to a page, is biographical in character; there are episodes, but no story. This half describes Herbie's childhood, boyhood, adolescence and young manhood; his "people" and the men in his office; his only friend, J. Warrington Dawson, and—the Spanish-American War! The description is all very good; if it isn't still better, we must put the blame on Herbie himself; and the account of the boy's schooling offers the author a welcome opportunity for his satirical humor. When the moment arrives for the introduction of Herbie's man-friend, Mr. Ward was confronted with a decision of importance; opinions may differ as to how well he has met it. In these stories of the "different" young man, it is practically conventional to have him fall in with a remarkable Socialist at about this stage in his career; we may at least congratulate the author on departing from the established custom here. As to the war section, however, congratulations are less easy to find.

The long account of the Spanish-American affair as seen through Herbie's eyes, in the "new and different manner," comes indeed as a surprise; I think it all falls flat. So much water has flowed under the bridge since then, so many people have had occasion to think and write about war from the unmilitaristic, "unpatriotic" point of view, that I can't think why our author decided to give one-tenth of his book to his little man's reactions in '98. It isn't enough to say that one war is like another, and that the point isn't the war, but the generous and humane reflections to be expressed; the criticism is that the reflections are now familiar and old. At least we hardly need today apologies for these mild dissents; however, Mr. Ward thinks that we do: "But you mustn't blame Herbie. It wasn't his fault. He was made that way . . . Anyhow you must have seen long before that Herbie, with his philosophy of fair play, his sympathy for the underdog, his belief in 'do unto others,'" etc. Certainly we saw it long ago; that, as I say, is just the trouble. And we find the author, as if his method deteriorated with the error of his material, here frankly leaving the ground. We come upon matter foreign to the artist, viz.: "There wasn't much more after that. The Spaniards gave in. The glorious aim of the war was achieved . . . Peace reigned everywhere except in the Philippines. It took four years there to suppress the insurrections . . . That was a troublesome affair. The Filipinos were incalculably persistent. In the first battle," etc. The novelist has gone to bed, and the telegraph editor has charge of the desk.

Everything changes when Mr. Ward gets down to his story—and by "story" I mean happenings that lead to something, and characters whose acts have consequences integral to the theme. The living interest begins when the girl appears and it keeps up steadily to the close. Poor Herbie and his waitress will inevitably recall to the reader poor Philip Carey and his waitress; but comparisons here would obviously be unfair. Mr. Maugham examined the case of Philip and Mildred against a long perspective, with relentless and bitter detail and most cruel thoroughness; and he gave us a tale of fatal passion as memorable and terrible as "Sapho." The story of Herbie and Rose is on quite another scale and key. But it is done with skill and truth and feeling, and the reader is not likely to lay down the book till it is finished.

On the whole, "One Little Man" must be placed in the category of promise rather than of complete fulfilment. The author hasn't written another "Bunker Bean," or "Of Human Bondage," or "History of Mr. Polly." But then, it may be properly rejoined, he hasn't undertaken to. In his first novel he has disclosed the abilities and equipment of an artist, and that is no small thing.

A Delicate Trifle

LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES. By RONALD FRASER. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

THE reviewer is told he ought not to be forever laboring to relate one book to another, to point comparisons and draw analogies. The truth is, he is forever laboring not to do these things. But there is a sort of *cacoethes critici*, or hack's complaint, which condemns its victim to be reminded by every new book of a dozen old ones from which he must painfully disengage the quality and entity (if any) of the object in hand. "Landscape with Figures" has its phases of freshness and even originality. But it is hardly the isolated phenomenon you might infer from certain passages out of English reviews cited by the publisher. It makes me think of "The Voyage Out" of Virginia Woolf, and "The Clio," of L. H. Myers. Modernism aboard the lugger, as it were. And a certain sly carnality in it reminds me also of our well-known American virtuoso of the double meaning. Further, I perceive it to be a recognizable specimen of an ephemerid with which the balmy airs of literature just now are teeming—the creature Fantasy.

Readers who are mystified and more or less secretly annoyed by the laborious obscurity of most fictions in this kind will be grateful for this author's explicit Preface. He presents the book as an act of fancy and nothing more: "an attempt to reproduce, in words, experiences that have come in contemplating the landscapes, flowers, and figures in Chinese figures and on their porcelain. It is the story of a human mind that follows the mysterious and half-wanton beckonings of such an experience until it is seized and understood." . . . "I am not attempting (the author goes on) to convey any profound meaning, unless it be the meaning of that mystical proverb, 'Everything comes to him who waits.' I have not been able to make up my mind whether it contains something of general value, or whether it is merely a thought-puzzle with which those who find pleasure in such occupations may amuse themselves." This is treating us fairly and squarely; it puts us at once in a comfortable mood. It invites us to step in and have a look around without obligation on our part, and without any gesture of reverence. What we commonly resent in this kind of fiction is a certain foggy portentousness through which we are condemned to grope with ears laid back and bulging eyes lest we miss our money's worth of thrill or moral.

By the accident of mutiny among its Chinese crew, a yacht-load of sophisticated Londoners is forced to go ashore, and shortly finds itself at home in a kind of Chinese fairyland, where a riper sophistication than that of London obtains. Our Europeans are received as guests of the country, favored occupants of an enchanted valley. Their hosts are three sages of differing temperaments and generations, and representing different aspects or facets of the ancient Chinese philosophy. There ensues a sort of country house comedy made fantastic by the presence of dragons and magic phenomena. From it all, through the imaginative and verbal skill of the chronicler, we do get the scent and texture of the East, or at least the atmosphere and sentiment of Oriental art.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But really we assist also, against this backround, at a quite modern drama, the everlasting comedy of sex with the peculiar accent of our special period. A girl in search of love, love as mystery and flame; tentatively she responds to the various lures which promise to teach her love. There is the gross lure of the flesh as frankly held before her by joyous and carnal Quentin, and there is the exotic and half-spiritual lure of the young Chinese mystic Yuan. And all the time the real love lies at hand in the person of the deliberately chill and noncommital Ambrose—the lover who knows how to wait till time is ripe for real happiness.

There is beauty in this book. One regrets that at times the narrative stoops from that beauty to mere piquancy or patent artifice.

Mr. Wilder's Cabala

THE CABALA. By THORNTON NIVEN WILDER. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

MR. WILDER seems to have had an exceptional opportunity to observe a group of "these charming people" in Rome. He calls this particular assortment the "Cabala," and he has written three short stories about them, furnished an explanatory preface telling how he met them, and quite gratuitously filled up his book by including an interview with the shade of Virgil, in which the author is told to return to New York, and advised to write about his own people from that time forth. However wise the Mantuan's advice may be, it cannot be denied that Mr. Wilder's sophisticated extravaganza, uneven as it is in its total effect, often makes thoroughly good reading. It is distinctly disorganized in structure and a great deal of the writing is frankly imitative. For instance, the dialogue, absence of quotation marks and all, is more perfectly by Carl Van Vechten than the best of "Peter Whiffle." But the fascinating characters in the course of the novel—for that is what the author calls his book—do frequently galvanize the whole affair into brilliant, if intermittent, life. The first of the three stories, telling the suicide of Marcantonio, is a little tame. One feels that it is the sort of thing that might have happened to anyone and consequently would scarcely have happened to the son of Donna Leda da Colonna, one of the high priestesses of the Cabala. The third story, about the Cardinal who read "Ulysses" and the high Merovingian damsel whose faith is destroyed by a chance paradox, is the best of them, subtly told and wholly convincing, in its satire. Altogether, if you care for unlikely people doing improbable things in an irresponsible manner against supernaturally picturesque backgrounds, you will like the antics of Mr. Wilder's Cabala. Devoted to nothing in particular, and held together by a wholly intangible bond, his people espouse lost causes, uphold the church and the Roman aristocracy when they choose, revive the operas of Grétry and Rameau, throw polite epigrammatic mud-pies at one another, and even on occasion descend, though Mr. Wilder says they were gods, to such mundane amusements as falling in love, shooting one another, and going on picnics in the Campagna.

May Lamberton Becker's "The Reader's Guide" has proved such a welcome and popular reference that its index, designed for the general reader, has been found inadequate for the many special students who are using it. The Library School class in Indexing of the New York State Library has therefore undertaken to make a new and complete index, which Henry Holt & Company are issuing. The new index will be incorporated in future editions of the book, but for the convenience of those who have bought earlier editions, it is also being printed separately and may be obtained without charge by applying to the publishers.

Recipients of the prizes instituted by Joseph Pulitzer for superior work in various fields of literary endeavor were recently announced for 1926. The winners of this year's prizes includes, in the field of the novel, *Sinclair Lewis*,—for "Arrowsmith." The prize for poetry is awarded to the late *Amy Lowell*, represented by "What's o'Clock." "Craig's Wife," by *George Kelly*, is the prize play; while the "Life of Sir William Osler," by *Harvey Cushing*, is considered the best biography. The history prize goes to Edward Channing for "The War for Southern Independence."

The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

WHAT actually happens in a writer's mind when he gets through fidgeting and fuming and sits down to tackle the job must always remain a secret between himself and his Demon. The preliminary horrors and shufflings are a valid part of the human comedy. There are innumerable ways of postponing. Some sit on the floor and begin dusting the books on the lower shelves, where they usually find "The Pentecost of Calamity" or "The Cradle of the Deep" and reread it entire. Others get into pyjamas and trim their toe-nails, or lock themselves in an office building with a bottle of Bisquit Dubouché. Homer Croy has remarked that his form of trifling is tinkering with his typewriter. "I have the best-cleaned typewriter in the world," he says, rather ashamed.

One of my own recreations, when I have definitely and finally decided to get on with the MS, have rearranged all the unanswered letters, found the straightened-out paper-clip I use as a pipe-cleaner, reread all the detective stories, and looked at books by Storer Clouston and Earl Derr Biggers with a sigh, to remind myself that there are still authors who understand the old enchantments—my recreation then is to go ploitering in my Folder of Blurbs. A person in my occupation is the target of daily volleys of circulars, "envelope stuffers," publicity notes and whatnot from every publisher and Biblioshark Sodality. I do not destroy these precious unguents, I put them in a large folder and as I say, when I am all ready to work I study them pensively, gradually weeding out those whose significance I seem to have mastered. There is the photograph postal-card, for instance, of a little frame house in Plattsburg, Mo., with a large sign on it: *In this house was born O. O. McINTYRE February* 18, 1884. There is the circular about a book ("Kabuki") on the Japanese popular theatre. One paragraph of this evidently struck me, at one time, as being important, for I see this portion has been pencil-marked:—

> One of the most distinguished of the great Japanese actor families is The Danjuro line which gave the stage eight generations of actors to carry on the family tradition of *aragoto*, or grotesque, unreal acting.

I think my idea was that there was a pleasant kernel for a story in the notion of a man whose mind had ben trained, through eight generations, to act grotesquely. What would his 'normal' behavior be like? Also a little meditation on the *onnagata*, in the same circular, saved me, for an hour or so, from doing any real work:—

> One important chapter deals with the onnagata, the actors who play women's parts. Ayame, one of the first great onnagata, has left a book of precepts for his successors. He declared that an onnagata should have the heart of a woman, even in the gakuya, or green room. All his actions, on the stage and off, should be feminine.

From this it is a near transition, for the conscientious student of the Folder, to a Borzoi broadside in which also we find philosophy:—

> It has long been known that a feminine element is present in all artistic happening, and that it is a necessity to the artist to find this feminine element, whether within or outside himself or both within and without. But *Stephen Hudson* has gone much further in disentangling the problem. He shows first of all that this feminine element necessary to intellectual creation does not demand mere intelligence in a woman. This again was known, and the fact has driven artists to non-intelligent woman which is a great error. *Stephen Hudson* gives here an experimental demonstration of what the type of woman is which is necessary to the artist: not an intellectual proper, not a non-intellectual, but a woman who has an instinct for intellectual creation—a totally different thing from intelligence, or from artistic creative power in a woman.—From "A Note on Stephen Hudson" by *Denis Saurat*, Professor at the University of Bordeaux.

* * * *

There are other odds and ends, all grist for a John Stuart Mill, that find their way into this Folder of nepenthe. To fill an author with a sense of futility what could be more potent than this, from the New York *Times*:—

HOLLOW LIBRARIES

Long sheets of cardboard printed and colored to give the appearance of the backs of rows of books may be purchased cheaply for covering the empty shelves of libraries. The backs of standard sets of books of miscellaneous collections may be found in surprising variety. When these are carefully arranged behind the glass doors of bookcases the illusion of well-filled shelves is almost perfect. It is thus possible to furnish, or appear to furnish, empty shelf space at a trifling expense.

Over against which, to restore one's faith that the arts do have their effects, the rambler in the Folder finds, from the New York *Herald-Tribune*:—

COMEDY DISLOCATES JAW

Miss Lillian Schaeffer, of 525 West 136th Street, laughed so much yesterday afternoon at a comedy film in the Clermont Theatre, 137th Street and Broadway, that she dislocated her jaw. A surgeon from Knickerbocker Hospital put it back in place.

It seems too bad, for the sake of the author, not to have mentioned what the picture was.

* * * *

Then again there are matters of serious consideration that bob up in the Folder. Here a charming letter from Mr. Henry W. Lanier, editor of *The Golden Book*, who is asking "a thousand professor of literature" for their suggestions of the "ten works of fiction by American writers which informed judgment would select as worthy of a place in a permanent World Library." With his customary shrewdness, to start the argument Mr. Lanier lists six which "would probably be named with some confidence by most cultivated Americans." The six he lists are Poe's "Tales," "The Scarlet Letter," "Huckleberry Finn," "Uncle Remus," "The Last of the Mohicans," "Moby Dick." Now Mr. Lanier knows very well that to a man hunting for excuses to postpone his own MS, it will immediately seem very important to select the right four to finish that list. And so, what with pondering whether "The Last of the Mohicans" ought to be one of six, and debating Bret Harte and Washington Irving and O. Henry and—well, who would you suggest?—for the other four, another half hour is gone in a flash. And the next item is a catalogue from James Brown and Son, the nautical publisher at 52 Darnley Street, Glasgow. It's an old catalogue, dated 1921, and has been in the back of the Folder for years. Long ago, of course, we should have told sea-minded kinspirits that James Brown is the fellow to tie up to for really technical maritime lore. What books he lists—"Brown's Knots and Splices" by Captain Jutsum (even Brown's authors have a special flavor in their names); Nicholls's "Deviation Questions and Law of Storms"; "Nautical Cookery Book," by T. F. Adkins, "specially written for cooks of cargo vessels"; "Shakespeare's Sea Terms Explained," by Captain W. B. Whall. "Readers will be astonished to find that the plays are so rich in professionally used terms." "Wafts from the Briny," "a book of Nautical Poems by Captain James McCurdy." Nautical Pictures, reproduced from paintings of famous Clippers, size 20 x 18—"Shortening Sail for a Squall," "Wet Work in the Waist," etc. All this, you see, introduces you to a whole world of fine business. First thing you know, it's time to go to bed.

* * * *

This curious and despairing flight from the page to be tackled is one phase of a writer's secret life that the text books, quite wisely, do not mention. I dare say, however, that it has its service: it means that your stuff isn't yet quite ripe in your mind, and perhaps the hours with the Folder are not wasted. Dr. Canby, in his delightfully clear-headed and helpful little book "Better Writing," just published, emphasizes the great importance of having your material carefully thought out and mentally organized before you begin. In the case of fiction, however, I am not so sure. A story that always adheres to some prearranged plan is dangerously liable to be lifeless. My experience is that you have some general *feeling* in mind as to what you want to convey. Then, if the characters are vitally conceived, once the thing is well started they carry it on for themselves; often throwing overboard entirely the little scheme you had plotted. You never know, really, what is going to emerge: no one is so aragoto as a creature compelled to write against Time. Now I intended to write this Green today all about Doctor Canby's book. It is charming, wise, and valuable, full of the crispest kind of good sense. I am naturally jealous of Dr. Canby, as the Modern Language Association has fired me, and justly, for *lesè majesté*, and put Him as chairman of the Contemporary Literature Section. Therefore I will only add, affectionately malicious, that he has done what so many members of the Modern Language Association would do—allowed "venal" to be printed (p. 59) where he means "venial." These Ph.D.'s!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

Mare Nostrum

ITALY: The Central Problem of the Mediterranean. By COUNT ANTONIO CIPPICO. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by OLIN D. WANNAMAKER

THE dominating geographical thrust of the Italian peninsula into the central Mediterranean, which—in combination with virile traits and organizing powers—made Rome the capital of a vast empire, is no longer a strategic position, but a tremendous handicap to the modern descendent of ancient and imperial Rome. England might have occasion to close the Straits and the Canal, east and west. Spain and France might bar Italian ships from the Atlantic. Germany and England could blockade the peninsula by land and sea and set up the pangs of hunger in the whole Italian population within a week.

Awareness of the many combinations which would put Italy in peril plays into present-day Italian memories of the difference existing long ago, and sets the Italian mind to dreaming of how different things might be made even now. It generates a restless sense of the lack of balance in the present distribution of land and raw materials in the world, an arrangement whereby a youthful and rapidly expanding nation of some 39,000,000 tends to be confined within an area of 114,000 square miles, while the next-door neighbor, France, with a static population of approximately the same number, occupies a homeland of 207,000 square miles and holds in fee a world empire of 4,223,000 more miles; and the British race has since the war set up its standard over vast areas annexed to an empire on which for generations the sun has never set. Especially constricting do the geographical barriers appear when Italian industry contrasts its situation without any of the basic raw materials with that of its international competitors in Germany, France, England, and America, all supplied abundantly and capable of forbidding access of the peninsula even to high-priced and remote materials essential to its existence.

In other words, a sense of awakening and expanding national forces and of the cramping confines of a small peninsula and an inland sea must enter into the diagnosis of Mussolini and *fascismo*. The Italian problem is entirely real, both to the Italians and to the world. It demands study. It must eventually be solved—either rationally through better world organization and distribution of land and primary commodities essential to human life, or else irrationally, by "the irrepressible conflict."

This Italian problem is set forth briefly and persuasively in Count Cippico's six lectures delivered last summer before the Williamstown Institute of Politics and now issued in book form. Its broad historic survey of the course of Empire is suggestive of possible future stages in that course. Its statement of Italy's case is reasonable. Its idealization of Italian international policies is natural in one who is presenting before the bar of world opinion the cause of a nation which has never in modern times received adequate recognition or just treatment at the hands of the more strongly-entrenched world powers. His partisanship in discussing Italy under *fascismo* can be discounted as being inevitable in a speaker who would necessarily feel himself to be in a sense the unaccredited representative of his government, and this discount still leaves Italy's case intact.

A Passing New York

MY NEW YORK. By MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY COLLINS BROWN
Editor, *"Valentine's Manual"*

THIS delightful volume is another valuable contribution to the annals of Old New York. Books of this nature, which preserve for us the more intimate details of family life in our city in the last half of the century just closed, are all too infrequent and so Mrs. Wright's work is a welcome addition to the scanty list.

Like Felix Oldboys's "Tour Around New York" Mrs. Wright's book abounds in personal references to her family and intimate friends which I fear in a measure will tend to curcumscribe the number of her readers among the general public.

The time of her reminiscence is the late fifties and early sixties and the scene is the Rhinelander Row on West Eleventh Street, a good view of which is shown on the jacket. The old row still stands and although it has lost some of its early elegance the block is marvelously well preserved and the changes to the casual observer are hardly noticeable.

The intimate detail of life in the family of an old New York pastor is one of exquisite charm. It was another "Hazard of New Fortunes;" the Rev. Dr. Osgood coming from New England to accept the charge of the Church of the Messiah, then on Broadway apposite Waverly Place. They first came to an "odd little house in Amity Place, a by-street of Washington Square" (now 4th Street) and later to West Eleventh Street where the main events in the narrative took place.

There are fascinating glimpses of the customs, clothes, and everyday life of the people in and about the neighborhood. The old Jefferson Market figures prominently and most of the dealers in that popular institution are mentioned by name as are also many of the condiments and edibles now no longer obtainable. "Dinner was at two o'clock, the men coming uptown for it and returning afterward." The substantial evening meal was tea which we now call supper.

The custom of New York's Calls was evidently a surprise to the minister from New England. The first experience in this direction drew warm commendation from the good doctor, so unaccustomed was he to the general outpouring of his friends and congregation who dropped in to wish him well for the New Year. He apparently approved and was gratified by the demonstration. The fifties and sixties are described with meticulous care as to their social life and the chapters form a background of rare interest for the reader and alas for future historians. This seems to me to be the outstanding feature of the book; few writers have had the opportunity of personal contact with such scenes and fewer still have been able to record them in such a delightful manner.

Many well known names appear throughout the pages, and some laughable accounts of various social events are given. "T. R.," the redoubtable Roosevelt, figures in an afternoon at Dodsworth's Dancing Academy and Samuel J. Tilden appears as a rather inefficient suitor; William Cullen Bryant, George William Curtis, George Bancroft, Edward Everett, to mention but a few.

The old days of the Academy of Music are pleasantly recalled and Patti, Christine Nielsson, Cary, Campanini, Del Puente, Clara Louise Kellogg figure in the recital. It is all very readable and will be relished by the audience to whom Mrs. Wright appeals.

An interesting array of interesting personages flits in and out of the pages. The gradual transition from the earlier customs are noted. The changes made by the rapidly growing city made itself manifest in many ways, not the least being the disappearance of New Year's Calls. All of these are faithfully recorded and "My New York" is a book, that will while away many a pleasant half hour in the reading.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Good Essays

"Here are fourteen little essays of an informal sort. . . . Good informal prose, colorful and picturesque, is also rare, and in this lies the second element of charm in Mr. Goodspeed's little book. Liquid, mellifluous prose, dignified, sonorous prose, these we might expect of him; for his publishers describe him—and we have verified the fact—as a 'distinguished Greek scholar and translator of the New Testament.'" — *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

"With the mellowness that is the hallmark of the good essayist, this famous Biblical scholar and Greek student writes about things, that lie, as he says, outside his academic orbit."
—HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

". . . . personal essays of great charm, mellow, well-done, gently thoughtful."
—*New York Evening Post.*

Things Seen and Heard
By EDGAR J. GOODSPEED
$2.00, *postpaid*, $2.10

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
5852 Ellis Avenue Chicago

Acoma, The Sky City
By MRS. WM. T. SEDGWICK

By deft description and swiftly moving narrative Mrs. Sedgwick lays bare the life of the Pueblo Indians on the Acoma mesa in New Mexico, from their origins in the mythical Si-pa-pu down to their present status as wards of the United States Government; she gathers a store of their legends and folk-tales; she discusses their social and political organization, their ceremonials, and their art. There are thirty-five illustrations from recent photographs taken at Acoma. $4.00

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Drawings and Books by Joseph Pennell

These editions are limited and it is unlikely that the books will be reprinted in their present form on account of the death of the author

LONDON
by
Sidney Dark

"Made superlatively good by Joseph Pennell's beautiful drawings."—*The Outlook.*

"Mr. Pennell's fifty-five drawings are unalloyed delight." — *London Times.*

"Strange beauty...which Mr. Pennell has known how to understand and reproduce." — *The Independent.* Price $5.00

ETCHERS
and
ETCHINGS

"An excellent bit of book workmanship." —*Boston Transcript.*

"The time is coming when Mr. Pennell's book will be considered the most important book on the subject of etching." —*Baltimore Sun.*

"Authoritative and valuable." —*The American Magazine of Art.* Price $10.00

PEN DRAWING *and* PEN DRAUGHTSMEN

"To the art student, this book is of the greatest value. To the lover of illustrated books, it offers a wealth of enjoyable and stimulating material."—*The New York Times.*

"Here is a book to own. Such an array of drawings was never collected in one book before." — *International Studio.*

"Pennell makes a 'Golden Treasury' of the lyrics of line." — *New York Herald.*

"Notable not only for his comment but for the excellent reproductions of all sorts of historic engravings and halftones."—*Chicago Daily News.* Price $25.00

New York Boston Chicago THE MACMILLAN COMPANY Atlanta Dallas San Francisco

A Novel of Pioneer Life in the Shenandoah Valley by America's Leading Historical Novelist

The GREAT VALLEY
by Mary Johnston
$2.00 at all Booksellers
LITTLE, BROWN & CO.
Publishers, Boston

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ellen Key

By Rheta Childe Dorr

THE recent death of Ellen Key recalls vividly my brief acquaintance with her in the Winter of 1912-13, and my tardy discovery of the real value of her life and works. At that time her books, especially "Love and Marriage" and "The Century of the Child," were having a large sale in the United States, and, to tell the truth, I often wondered who read them. As a "dangerous radical" Ellen Key was on the index of the women's clubs, yet as I waded through the endless prolixity of her books it seemed to me that she did nothing more than tell an undisputed fact in an unnecessarily solemn way. To me she appeared not radical but conservative, even reactionary. We were in the throes of the woman suffrage battle, and Ellen Key scoffed at suffrage. We were demanding entrance on equal terms with men into all trades and professions. Ellen Key told us to struggle for a more sacred motherhood and the paramount rights of the child. Wherein lay her radicalism?

To find this out, if possible, I wrote her a note from Stockholm asking her for an interview. My letter brought an instant response, cordially inviting me to visit her at her home on Vetter See, one of three very large inland lakes which add special glory to the beauty of Swedish landscape. Miss Key regretted only that a domestic emergency prevented her from offering me a guest chamber. She would, however, retain a room for me in a nearby tourist hotel, and my days, as many as I could spare, would be spent in her home.

Arriving at the wayside hamlet near which Miss Key's country retreat was built, and settling myself in an old-world inn that might have figured in a novel of Frederica Bremer, I was amused to learn that the domestic emergency lay in the fact that my arrival and the sacramental quarter-year laundry week were unfortunately simultaneous. Coming from a country where table napkins are usually washed every day and all other linen at least once a week, I was impressed once more with the conservatism of Ellen Key's mind. The week spent on Vetter See, walking in the splendid Government forests surrounding it, and talking long hours every day with the "Pallas of Sweden," as I had heard her described in Stockholm, hardly altered the impression.

Ellen Key's house, a roomy stone cottage with a garden sloping down to the gray waters of the lake, was full of old fashioned comfort. It lacked new-fangled features like central heating, but it was adequately heated, even for an American, by numerous tall porcelain stoves. In the living room also was a fireplace before which we had most of our conversations. Miss Key told me the story of her early protected days on her father's estate, his financial disaster which, in 1880, threw her suddenly into the world of wage earning. Teaching school for years and coming closely in touch with the humbler classes deeply impressed her with the unjustly subjected status of the mass of women, and the strange anomaly of a social system which, while extolling motherhood, tolerated such a waste of woman and child power in the State.

She began to write on these subjects, her first articles being a series entitled "Lines of Life." She invaded the lecture platform, then sacred to men, and lectured and taught in one of the first workmen's universities. As her reputation grew she invaded Germany, where she attacked the church, children, kitchen régime prescribed for women by William II. She had advocated the freedom of women far beyond the dream of any suffragist, and although much misunderstood by the politically active faction, she considered that her work was well done. A passionate lover of the country it had been her destiny to spend most of her life in cities. Now, in old age (she was only sixty-three, but very grandmotherly) she found herself financially able to turn her back forever on crowds. The Swedish Government, for a modest consideration, had given her a thirty years' lease on this beautiful bit of public land, and on it she had built herself an enduring home. In the upper story she had placed not only guest rooms but a large dormitory to accommodate the streams of young men and young women who, every summer, made pilgrimages to her home to discuss burning questions of love, marriage, parenthood, in their relation to the public good.

I went away, uplifted in a sense, but still unenlightened. It was not until I had traveled farther in Sweden and had spent considerable time in Germany that I began to see Ellen Key, not as the Susan B. Anthony, but rather the Harriet Beecher Stowe of European feminism. In the Continental Europe of that day, only a year before the Great War, women endured a state of servitude which today is scarcely comprehensible. Especially in the United States where no such condition ever appeared, for the simple reason that we have never had a permanent class of superfluous women. What makes men aware of the value of women is their scarcity. What makes them blind to it is excess of numbers. Hundreds of thousands of American women still live, more or less, under the old English common law, which denies them a separate existence from their husbands. But most American women have husbands, or can have them, which was not the case in Europe. In August, 1914, there were in Germany something like 800,000 more women than men. In the Scandinavias, with a smaller population, there were at least 300,000. War and emigration and colonial expansion had removed the men and left behind a forlorn army of women for whose economic and social welfare the State gave no bonds.

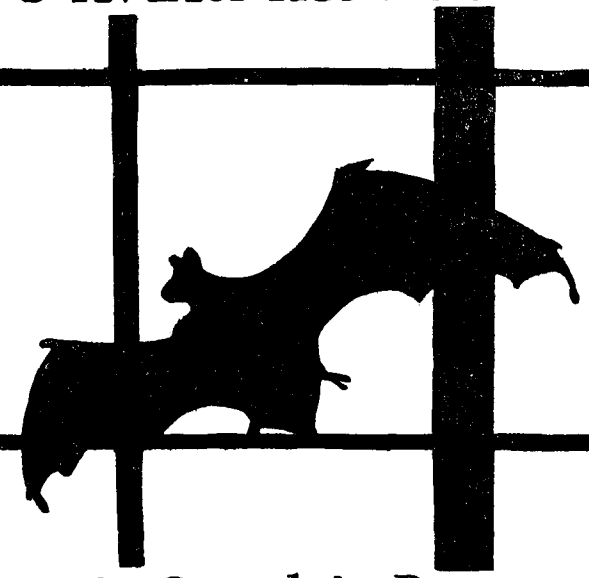
The result was a system of open polygamy which involved no financial responsibility for the men, but which regularly outlawed hundreds of thousands of women, not to speak of the illegitimate children, 180,000 of whom were born annually in Germany and a tenth as many in Sweden. An appalling number of these pitiful children died in infancy, because their mothers had to support them in low-waged, unskilled labor, the only kind allowed them. Those children who lived to grow up contributed generously to the ranks of crime and prostitution. If such a condition was inevitable, as the ruling class of men insisted, then, declared Ellen Key, something was radically wrong with the whole system of marriage. Protected women had no right to live parasitically on such misery. If polygamy was a social necessity it should be recognized and made respectable. The women and children should be properly supported, even revered.

This is the whole basis of the charge against Ellen Key that she advocated free love. As a matter of fact she abhorred it, but if it had to exist she proposed making it valuable to the State instead of disgraceful and destructive. She preached to women that, before trying for equal suffrage, they should raise the army of superfluous women to a plane where intelligent voting was possible.

In her books and on the platform Ellen Key crusaded tirelessly for a protected home for all women and children whether the women were legally married or not. Motherhood insurance, the release of women from industry (with pay) before and after childbirth, equal educational and industrial opportunities for girls, equal control in married households of children's destinies, equal responsibility of both parents in case of illegitimate children, so-called. This was Ellen Key's program, a very radical one for pre-war Europe. The advanced German women, who at first embraced Ellen Key's philosophy with ardor, turned against her bitterly when, at the Woman's Congress in Copenhagen in 1896, she delivered an address denouncing the feminists for seeking new fields of work when their age-old field required such a wholesale housecleaning. The rights of women as sex-beings, she declared, were enough to work for, their status being, in the present age, worse than slaves.

With men, it would appear, Ellen Key had a greater success. At all events she lived long enough to see many of her aspirations written into the laws of the Scandinavian States and even of Germany. If she did not succeed in changing the private lives of the law makers and their male constituents, she did make them sufficiently ashamed of their private lives, or their private opinions of their lives, to modify tremendously the status of unmarried mothers and their children. In Norway and Sweden illegitimacy has been virtually abolished, since fathers are now obliged to recognize and support such children. Maternity insurance, the education of girls for industry, and the whole status of women have been materially advanced.

THE BAT
A Novel from the Play by
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
& AVERY HOPWOOD

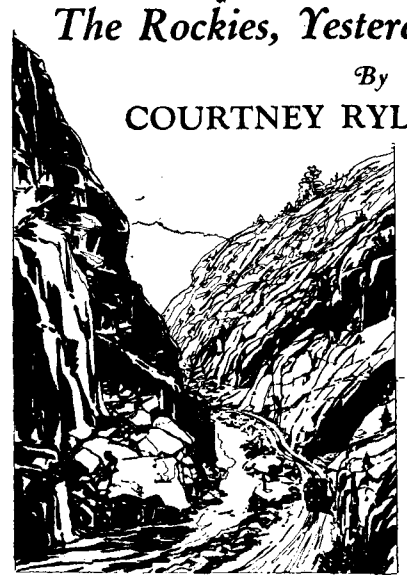


Mystery! Comedy! Romance!

DORAN BOOKS

Just Published $2.00

JUST PUBLISHED!
HIGH COUNTRY
The Rockies, Yesterday and To-day
By
COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER



The Rocky Mountains, as they were in the old mining days and as they are now in the day of campers and tourists, described by one who knows and loves them.

Mr. Cooper also gives much good advice as to the best methods of motor travel and camping.

With fifteen illustrations

$2.50 at all Booksellers

Boston LITTLE, BROWN & CO. Publishers

Edith Wharton's

New Book

HERE and BEYOND

A literary treat—six of the best of Mrs. Wharton's recent stories grouped within the covers of a single book. An important volume, by America's most distinguished novelist, presenting such variety of theme and background, such richness of appeal, as to need no further recommendation. *Octavo, with decorative end papers,* $2.50. *At all Booksellers.*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, 35 West 32d St., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A brilliant son and an egotistical father clash—and a very modern family finds itself strangely affected.

The CHIP *and the* BLOCK

By E. M. DELAFIELD

Author of "Mrs. Harter"

"Few novelists among English women today have achieved the literary distinction of E. M. Delafield. *The Chip and the Block* is tender, understanding and comprehending in its scope; and it is from beginning to end exactly like life, a serious comedy enriched by moments of deep emotion."

Dorothy Foster Gilman
The Boston Transcript

Wherever books are sold, $2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS *Publishers Since* 1817
See Harper's Magazine for Steamship Sailing Dates

H & B

DORAN BOOKS

Love and danger in far North

The
SHANTY SLED

¶ With vigorous characterization and a bold setting of the north country he knows so well, Mr. Footner sets the stage for this drama of daring and romance. Here is a tale of love and adventure packed with the vitality of a fine novelist's skill.

by Hulbert Footner

Two Dollars *at all booksellers*

George H. Doran Company, *Publishers*
244 Madison Avenue - - New York

DORAN BOOKS

HANGMAN'S HOUSE

Illus. $2.50

3rd printing 37,000 copies

"Byrne at his best—Ireland at its finest"
Kinsey in Phila. Record

THE CENTURY CO
Enduring Books

Donn Byrne

Points of View

Mr. Pennell's Letter

This characteristic letter of Mr. Pennell's, perhaps his last, was received just before his death.—ED.

To the Editor *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I have just seen Mrs. Van Rensselaer's letter in the SATURDAY REVIEW of April 10th. She is absolutely right, in certain details, she did write "The English Cathedrals" published in *The Century Magazine* and later in book form.

She did write five articles, printed in *The Century*, on French churches, she was commissioned to do twelve articles, as I was, but she did not, and she has not gone into the reasons why she did not, nor shall I.

But I will say that if she had "chanced to see" the book Mrs. Pennell wrote and I illustrated, I don't think she would have written her letter to you. She does not even know its title. Nor would she have written about my drawings in the Luxembourg as she did, for it was, as is stated in the book, the French drawings only that the French Government wanted for the Luxembourg. It has them hidden away somewhere.

As for the English Cathedral drawings, they were divided up among the members of the Century Company and their friends. Mrs. Van Rensselaer has two, she says—I have none. So, for the French Cathedral drawings, I made other arrangements, and kept the originals to do with them what I wanted.

I know little either of most of the English drawings, though I heard only a few days ago of the sale of several of them. Plenty of Pennell drawings were sold at that time of the house cleaning and moving of the Century Company, and not only those—but there is a legend—and it may be true—that Timothy Cole's woodblocks were used to light the furnace fires with—and not long ago I saw a big pile of drawings just sold in an auction room which had came from the *Century*.

Is it any wonder then that the *Century* has given up illustrations in the magazines or that it has given place to the Lady's Home Saturday Gentleman's Magazine. A proof that the American business man is a child in art!—and Mrs. Van Rensselaer is his prophet—if not profit.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sibylline Leaves

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

There are extant at least six copies of "Sibylline Leaves" in which Colerdige has written in the margin, opposite the stanza (II. 199-202) beginning "The Sun's rim dips," a tentative draft of the gloss: "No twilight within the courts of the Sun." I have reason to believe that other similarly annotated copies are in existence and I shall be very grateful to anyone who owns such a copy for an exact transcript of the marginal note, and for permission to use it, with due acknowledgment, in a study of Coleridge's art which is soon to be published.

JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES.

Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Mr. Davison Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Mrs. Paterson scolds me very justly for my ill-chosen remark about her use of the phrase "Fabian tactics" in "The Fourth Queen." But my error was not really due, as she suggests, to ignorance. As an old member of the Fabian Society, in fact as an ex-secretary of the Cambridge University Branch in England, if for no better reason, I naturally knew whence the word derived. I have to plead the momentary aberration of an harassed reviewer. At the eleventh hour your office asked me to review "The Fourth Queen." I read the book in the unbound sheets on the day of the paper's going to press and, literally, while I wrote, the printer's devil was waiting on my doormat. In short I put myself to considerable inconvenience in order that Mrs. Paterson's book, still wet from the press, might be reviewed and advertised in *The Saturday Review* on the actual day of publication. Not mine to reason why. I mention this as a circumstance that might be allowed to mitigate my error, not as an excuse. Mrs. Paterson will recall her less excusable but obviously inadvertent error in making the River Avon flow through Windsor in "The Fourth Queen." She must know how easy it is to trip out of knowledge into apparent ignorance. In the circumstances I can only beg her pardon for my own slip which would certainly have been corrected had I dealt with her book in the ordinary rotation. And, in any case, the mistake does nothing to invalidate my general criticism of her prose style. For some reason the loose sheets of "The Fourth Queen" have not been preserved by the lady who cares for my rooms. And as no bound copy has yet reached me I cannot be factitiously explicit concerning the action between "The Bulldog" and the Spanish galleon. I have no doubt that Mrs. Paterson *could* explain the encounter in such a way as I would understand. But why didn't she do so in the book?

EDWARD DAVISON.

New York City.

A Life of Henry George

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Henry George, probably the greatest economist yet born in the United States, has been dead almost a generation.

I have been engaged for the past year in gathering material relating to him to be used in connection with a biography of Mr. George which I have in preparation.

I shall be pleased to examine any letters, manuscripts, speeches, etc., etc., readers of the *Saturday Review* may care to submit to me for inspection. My address is, Woolworth Building.

Very sincerely,

BENJAMIN W. BURGER.

New York City.

More on Syllabubs

I should like to add a word of corroboration to Mrs. Susan Bennett's reading of Joan's Syllabub, as given in a recent number of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. As regards the fact that syllabub was often made by milking into it the milk directly from the cow, Sir Kenelm Digby bears witness. He is an authority, I take it, on beverages, desserts, cosmetics, and other mysteries, including the famous Powder of Sympathy.

"The Closet of Sir Kenelm Digby Knight Opened," was published in London in 1660, and newly edited, in 1910, by Anne Macdonald. The cow herself, *in propria persona*, enters under the directions: "To Make a Plain Syllabub. Take a pint of Verjuyce in a bowl; milk the Cow to the Verjuyce; take off the Curd; and take sweet cream and beat them together with a little Sack and Sugar; put it into your Syllabub pot; then strew Sugar on it, and so send it to the Table."

Sir Kenelm gives other recipes for Syllabub, notably one used by my Lady Middlesex. This called for "three pints of sweet Cream, one of quick white wine (or Rhenish), and a good wine glassful (better the ¼ of a pint) of Sack." "Beat all these together with a whisk." This very conscientiously constructed dainty was, it must be noted, made with cream, unlike the plain Syllabub. Not even my Lady Middlesex's cows could be expected to supply this off-hand, therefore the creatures were not invited to the party.

The early eighteenth century did, however, sometimes admit the cow in society. At one time it was the fashion to lead her in, suitably cleansed and beribboned, at *fêtes champêtres*. She was milked into the fine china bowl which contained the other ingredients for the syllabub. The hostess, if she dared, officiated; otherwise a suitably cleansed and beribboned dairy-maid did the work. More squeamish guests drank wine.

In his diary (1694), which is a treasury of early American manners and ways, Judge Samuel Sewall recommends a "sillabub" with a basis of "Syder." "Put in as much thick Cream by two or three spoonfuls at a time, as hard as you can, as though you milke it in." Here the tradition of syllabub fresh from the cow, if not her bodily presence, is plainly preserved.

BEATRICE RAVENEL.

The catalogue of the Ashley Library, which Thomas J. Wise expected to print in three volumes, will require eight volumes before it is completed. Vol. VII has just appeared with the concluding portion of Swinburne, goes through John Taylor, Tennyson, Thompson and Thomson, Waller, Wither, Webster and stops with Wollstonecraft. The edition is limited to 200 copies. The bibliographical value of this catalogue, in its field, is unequalled.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

SANDRO BOTTICELLI. By WILHELM BODE. Translated by F. Renfield and F. L. Rudston Brown. Scribners. 1925. $10.

This book is as charming and satisfactory as criticism as it is eccentric and disquieting as connoisseurship. Dr. Bode is excellent when elucidating the idealism of Botticelli's beginnings and the element of Puritan frustration at his end, but when it comes to lists and dates he makes wild work. The Petrograd Epiphany is some years earlier than that of the Uffizi, the "Castagno" portrait in the J. P. Morgan Library is a Botticelli, so is the big and empty tondo in the Borghese, so are all the early Madonna groups which Berenson bestowed upon "Amico di Sandro." Contrariwise The Man with a Medal and the Lucretia and Virginia panels are school-pieces, while in general whatever picture owned in Germany and at all resembling Botticelli is authentic. All this, while exhilarating to the militant connoisseur, can only be confusing to the average reader. Indeed no experienced person can look through the illustrations without suspecting that several artists of widely differing gifts are involved. One need not accept the very strait canon of Horne (your reviewer does not) to deplore this wholesale restoration to the list of a score of pictures happily eliminated thirty years ago.

As to Botticelli's education, Dr. Bode holds that Verrocchio is the guiding influence, Antonio Pollaiuolo not counting in the case. Here the author not merely slurs the most positive stylistic analogies, but also cities a Verrocchio which is merely his own subjective creation. The truth seems to be that there is a slight tinge of Verrocchio in the early Botticellis which certainly are Botticellis and a strong tinge of Verrocchio in the Botticellis which are pretty certainly not Botticellis.

Concerning the designs for the engravings in the Dante of 1481, Dr. Bode advances the novel and persuasive view that we are not dealing with an engraver's abbreviation of the famous Dante drawings, but with earlier designs made for the book by Botticelli himself. This is the traditional view and the author gives good reasons for thinking it sound. It is a poor service to Botticelli to publish as his a portrait of Dante which is palpably drawn from the title-page of the "Convivio" of 1521.

There is so much that is mellow and informing in these pages that one must deeply regret that Dr. Bode chose to make a popular book the vehicle for difficult and contentious matters which were better discussed in special articles. It was a sure way of marring an uncommonly good book.

DRAWING. ITS HISTORY AND USES. By *W. A. S. Benson*. Oxford University Press.

THE ROMANCE OF DESIGN. By *Garnet Warren* and *Horace B. Cheney*. Doubleday, Page.

Belles Lettres

REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF A PORCUPINE, and Other Essays. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Philadelphia: The Centaur Press. 1925. $4.

It would be easy to describe these essays as amorphous and rhapsodical, as brilliant in spots yet sadly wanting in order and detachment; but it would not be altogether fair. For sentence by sentence their contents are understandable, and page by page they gradually reveal a philosophy. But it is not easy to convey the precise significance of the book, because so much of it is trivial, so much of it is extraneous, and so much of it is unilluminating. Doubtless it is arbitrary to demand of an essayist that he be orderly and analytical, and that he employ a certain style and outlook because both of them have grown traditional. But it is clear that Lawrence, who writes his essays with the same vehemence and passion and creative intensity that he writes his novels, uses the wrong method to drive home his points. All that one carries away from the book through such a method are some brilliant flashes, and a few general conclusions repeated time after time, in essay after essay.

These seven essays cover a narrower field than one might suppose. To a large extent they go successively over the same ground. One, "The Novel," is doubtfully literary: the other six are personal and philosophical. These six descend from the rather splendid if rather unsound "The Crown" through several laminæ to the slapdash structure and philosophical horseplay of ". . . . Love Was Once a Little Boy." They express Lawrence's convictions about life and living. "To be alive, I must have a goal in the creative, not the spatial, universe." That is another. "Power is the supreme quality of God and Man." That is a third. Philosophically greatest of all is the point of "The Crown," where the lion and the unicorn symbolize the confluct between darkness and light, between sense and spirit. Their conflict is imperative and it must not cease; should either element triumph, both would perish. And the point to be grasped is that in their coalescence a consummation is achieved, a new quality is created; and through this quality Life renews its force and gains its greatness.

These concepts can mean little as isolated phrases, but it is almost impossible to analyze the substance of the book more significantly, because Lawrence's procession of ideas has neither order nor climax, and much too often lapses into divagation and irrelevance. The essays reveal a mind too introverted, too rooted in a personality, to judge life and its own reactions to life with any detachment. The personality creates life in terms of itself far oftener than it examines life or dissects it. That is why the personality, and very little besides, has importance in the book. The whole thing, to a greater extent than a man's personal views need to be, is philosophical autobiography. Lawrence does not react to life, he makes life react to him. And such a man is not always rational. Sometimes the opinions in this book degenerate into the spluttering condemnation of those who curse because they have no better way to denounce. There are whole pages made up of epithets and exclamation points. But then again there are brilliant thrusts that send tottering a standard or belief which nobody else has seen through. These demolishings come as creative flashes, not as analytical demonstrations. And thus they exemplify Lawrence's greatest and most characteristic strength. In treating of philosophy, as was true when he treated of psychoanalysis, Lawrence is not deep enough or sound enough to have any permanent value. But as seer and poet, he has moments of irrefutable perception.

BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS. With Explanatory Notes by *Dr. A. C. Kalischer*. Dutton. $5.

MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE. By *Charlemagne Tower*. Two volumes. Cloth. Lippincott. $12.

THE NEWGATE CALENDAR. Hartford, Conn. Edwin Valentine Mitchell. $3.50.

CLASSIC CONCORD. Edited by *Caroline Ticknor*. Houghton Mifflin. $7.50

THE ROMANTIC THEORY OF POETRY. By *A. E. Powell*. *Longmans*. $4.50.

Biography

MODELING MY LIFE. By JANET SCUDDER. *Illustrated*. Harcourt Brace & Co. 1925. $3.50.

Miss Scudder's genial and modest autobiography should find many readers. It tells of a plucky course upward as a sculptor under conditions of difficulty that would have discouraged many a man. Yet good luck came when it was needed. There was early and prophetical prize winning, at a Terre Haute county fair, for a hammered brass plaque of a Medusa head. Then when the Indiana girl was at commercial wood carving, Lorado Taft accepted her as an assistant. The relation led to her employment with that remarkable group of women who put up much of the colossal statuary in staff for the Columbian Exposition. There could have been no better way of acquiring a real athleticism as a modeller.

At Paris she found Macmonnies, ideal mentor for the work she was ultimately to undertake. There was a harrowing initiation when the notorious model whom Macmonnies employed tried to shock the new comer out of the atelier. She left Macmonnies on a misunderstanding, but found her way to Florence where the sight of the little boys of Donatello and Verrocchio ended years of drifting and fixed her vocation as a joyous sculptor of children in medals or on fountains. It was a kind of luck too that contributed to the work that made her success, the Frog Fountain. A chubby nude boy was prancing about her Paris studio, munching a sandwich and chuckling with delight.

In that moment a finished work flashed before me. I saw a little boy dancing, laughing,

(*Continued on next page*)

ROUNDABOUT

By NANCY HOYT

A Trip Abroad on a Merry-Go-Round

Start from Montmartre with Denise Douglas, astride a pink pig. Just ahead and out of reach, John Lowell Peabody on a camel. A stop-over with the pig in Washington for a few parties, while the camel quenches his thirst in Boston—then a head-on collision in New York.

You can still book your passage!

ONE AUTHOR TO ANOTHER—

"*Roundabout* is young, but it is never crude. It is fun to read. It must have been fun to write."

—ANNE PARRISH (author of *The Perennial Bachelor*) in *The Saturday Review*.

Second large printing. $2.50 everywhere

Alfred A. Knopf NEW YORK *730 Fifth Ave.*

PUBLISHER OF THE AMERICAN MERCURY

BORZOI BOOKS

Sherwood Anderson's NOTEBOOK

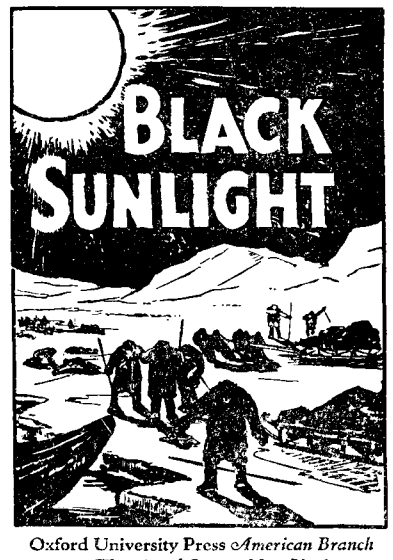
Large 12 mo., $2.50

BONI & LIVERIGHT, N. Y.

READERS of A STORY TELLER'S STORY will find here material in the same mood, yet even more intimate in its presentation. Readers of his novels and short stories like DARK LAUGHTER and WINESBURG, OHIO, will find here the raw material of emotion, observation and imagination at work, bringing books into being.

Here is Sherwood Anderson in shirt sleeves in that workshop of the mind where his books are made. The book contains new short stories, notes on stories written and unwritten, portraits of a number of American writers, observations of American men and women, scenes and cities.

GOOD BOOKS



A Classic of the North

BLACK SUNLIGHT

By

EARL ROSSMAN

With introduction by the distinguished Arctic explorer

Vilhjalmur Stefansson

A thrilling story of Arctic adventures. The author is a member of the Detroit Arctic Expedition; commanded by Captain G. H. Wilkins; which is making noteworthy polar flights in search of undiscovered land. Price $1.75

At all bookstores.

Oxford University Press *American Branch*
35 West 32nd Street, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

chuckling all to himself while a spray of water dashed over him. The idea of my Frog Fountain was born.

In New York Stanford White immediately bought several Frog Fountains, and took many of the succeeding fountain designs for the great country places he was planning. Janet Scudder was made. In her gratitude she credits White with the design of McKim's Pennsylvania Station—an oblation as generous as erroneous.

FOUR AMERICAN PARTY LEADERS. By *Charles E. Merriam.* Macmillan. $1.50.

PILLARS OF GOLD. By *Mitchell Bronk.* Philadelphia: Judson. $1.50 net.

LANFRANC. By *A. J. Macdonald.* Oxford University Press. $4.25.

GROWING UP WITH A CITY. By *Louise de Koven Bowen.* Macmillan. $2.50.

LETTERS OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

MARY MACARTHUR. By *Mary Agnes Hamilton.* Seltzer. $2.

PEARY. By *Fitzhugh Green.* Putnam. $6.

JOAN OF ARC. By *Joseph Delteil.* Minton, Balch. $3.

"YELLOWSTONE KELLY." Memoirs of Luther S. Kelly. Yale University Press. $4.

A BEAUTIFUL BLUNDER. The True Story of Lincoln's Letter to Mrs. Lydia A. Bixby. By *William E. Barton.* Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. By *William Eleroy Curtis.* Lippincott. $3.50.

HERTHA AYRTON. 1854-1923. A Memoir. By *Evelyn Sharp.* Longmans, Green. $5.50.

Economics

POPULATION PROBLEMS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. Edited by *Louis I. Dublin.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.

THE ANCIENT GREEKS AND THE EVOLUTION OF STANDARDS IN BUSINESS. By *George M. Calhoun.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.

ECONOMICS, PRINCIPLES AND PROBLEMS. By *Lionel D. Edie.* Crowell. $5 net.

THE HUMAN FACTOR IN BUSINESS. By *B. Seebohm Rowntree.* New and Cheaper Edition. Longmans, Green. $1.50.

THE CONSUMERS' CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT IN GERMANY. By *Dr. Theodor Cassau.* Tr. from the German by *J. F. Mills.* Macmillan.

SATURATED CIVILIZATION. By *Sigmund Mendelsohn.* Macmillan. $1.75.

LETTERS TO JUDD. By *Upton Sinclair.* Pasadena, Calif. Sinclair.

THE ENGLISH BRASS AND COPPER INDUSTRIES TO 1800. By *Henry Hamilton.* Longmans. $6.

Fiction

SPRING RUNNING. By F. W. BRONSON. Doran. 1926. $2.

It is a little startling to find that this pretty title conceals a forceful and entertaining study of adolescence. The publisher's advertisement introduces "Spring Running" as "a young man's novel; a novel of dreams and desires—and fulfillment." This is all true; but we should like to add to this statement, "and the least of these is fulfillment." For while Mr. Bronson tells us of the visions of youth and their inevitable disillusionment, we are charmed and laugh tenderly at the reminiscent scenes he conjures up. But when boyhood of necessity passes into youth and young manhood, and some of the visions come true, Mr. Bronson's skill begins to weaken. There is a certain sophistication and artificiality in the latter part of the book which may spoil for some readers the delightful impression built up by the hero's younger days.

Yet this is the worst that can be said about "Spring Running," for it is a first novel of much delight and promise. It would be necessary to hunt far before finding another author who can so delightfully combine psychological accuracy with human sympathy and humor. A pleasant conviction grows upon us in reading that Mr. Bronson has more to tell us and we shall await his next appearance with interest.

NOAH'S ARK. By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS. Doran. 1926. $2.

It was rather startling to begin this book and recognize it as something we had read before. The mystery cleared with the discovery that Chapter One is an elaborated short-story of the author's, "The Animal Kingdom," which appears in Ford Madox Ford's "Transatlantic" collection. The short-story seemed modern, hard, a little too intellectual. It was, therefore, more significant to discover how changing a trend the novel took—how it grew in warmth and humanity until, in spite of shortcomings, it emerged one of the most understanding and convincing stories of young married life which the past few years have produced.

"Noah's Ark" tells of two very intelligent young people who go into marriage with their eyes open. It begins when they are engaged and have had a serious quarrel. "The Animal Kingdom," indeed, set forth the girl's reaction to this quarrel—her relief in getting away from the man, and her conviction that marriage between them was impossible. Not so the revised Chapter One. Frances finds she cannot do without him. Chapter Two shows Edward aware from the first that he cannot do without Frances. They become reconciled; and their reconciliation, by the way, is most astutely managed. Afterwards Frances still has her doubts, but Edward overrules them and insists upon marriage.

It proves eminently successful. Not that the author dispels her clouds to fill the world of these lovers with romantic sunshine. Her understanding of their life together, and of why it turns out happily, is remarkably keen. Here are two well-drawn convincing human beings—in love with each other, considerate, intelligent. Their problem solves itself naturally because, being wise enough to perceive the dangers of marriage in theory, they never encounter them in practice. Such happiness, by and large, is just as inevitable as the unhappiness of those who find marriage disenchanting in practice because they stupidly idealize it in theory.

The book rests therefore on a very firm shelf of realism and sound sense; and for that reason the incidental virtues which frequently make it delightful have a merit consistent with its basic merit. Mrs. Williams-Ellis has humor, a gift for both psychology and characterization, a talent for the right and illuminating word—her sentences are somewhat inferior—and a true sophistication. She is just as balanced a writer as is her Frances Thornhill a woman. Americans may find the book handicapped by its conspicuously English air and idiom; but the author's other qualities render such a hindrance minor. "Noah's Ark" is "a gay story of modern marriage'—and in most respects a true one.

MIRANDA MASTERS. By JOHN COURNOS. Knopf. '926. $2.50.

John Gomborov and John Brown have more in common than Christian names—the souls of each go marching on. Gomborov's has been treading the literary highways and byways since 1919. It was then as a little boy, seven years before the appearance of "The Great God Brown," that he fashioned for himself, from the misery and mockery within and without, a mask with which to front the world. That story is told by John Cournos in his first novel, "The Mask."

"The Wall" in 1921, and "Babel" in 1922 carry John Gomborov well along in life. It needs no biographically minded detective to find the similarity in dates and places in the American, English, and Russian experiences of the author and his hero. Although all three of these volumes received favorable reviews, for the most part, and have been keenly appreciated by the thoughtful few both here and in England, no one of them has achieved the popular success which even good books often have in these days. In "Miranda Masters," which deals with the life of Gomborov during the war, but is in no sense a war novel, it seems not improbable that Mr. Cournos' sales will mount to a figure gratifying to any author. For, consciously or unconsciously, he has packed his latest novel with those elements which cause a book to be talked about for other than literary merits. There is a suggestion of the meticulous technique of the Japanese juggler in his balancing of couples, both those who are man and wife in name only, as the lady novelists of a former day would delicately have phrased it, and those who are man and wife in all but name.

"Miranda Masters" is a thoroughly unpleasant heroine with a great deal of charm. She is able, with the highest motives, to wreck several lives, including her own married one. She can ask and accept unending sacrifices from any man, and for the slightest advantage to herself she can inflict the greatest agony on others. She is forever analysing herslf and never approaching the truth. And although she is quite incapable of seeing herself, it is equally impossible for her to see through herself to anyone else. Still, so successful has Mr. Cournos been in creating her beauty and her vitality that there seems no incongruity in her ability to draw and dazzle men. If she fails at all, it is in convincing the reader that she is a poet. The author says she is, and the characters in the book say she is, but no one ever proves it. Incidents and characters and splendid writing share in making the novel what it is, but over and above all this, even surpassing the attraction of the omniscient and omnipresent Gomborov, it stands a monument to its title, a study of "Miranda Masters."

SPANISH FAITH. By *Francis R. Bellamy.* Harper. $2.

THE UNKNOWN GODDESS. By *Ruth Cross.* Harper. $2.

International

CHINESE FANTASTICS. By THOMAS STEEP. Century. $2.

Mr. Steep has written in "Chinese Fantastics" a book infinitely more readable than most books about China. It is not weighted down with conventionally "exotic" descriptions or made pretentious with serious-minded interpretation of the Chinese soul. What Mr. Steep has done is to write brief chapters on a diversity of concrete topics: dragons, jade, the fan, pigtails, rickshaw boys; to give briefly the history of some of China's most memorable personages; to express the atmosphere of Chinese cities and rivers and seaports. In addition, he has immeasurably enlivened his book with an absorbing and often truly humorous account of Chinese customs and conventions, anecdotes and stories. The chapters on "Bits of Old China," "Topsyturvydom," "Pidgin English and Oriental Conversation," and "Little Stories of Tragedy and Humor" are compendiums of frequently priceless facts, fancies, and remarks. One has to forego the temptation to quote some of these because it is almost impossible not only to know where to begin, but also to know where to stop. In the field of mere information, however, one can state on Mr. Steep's authority that chop-suey among the Chinese is unknown.

The diversity of topics assembled here unite to form in their sum a more than commonplace expression of Chinese life, perhaps a more vivid expression than could be conveyed by much painstaking scholarship. Mr. Steep has done a commendable job. He knows the Chinese existence; he knows the English language; and he is concise, interesting, vivid, and lively.

ITALY THE CENTRAL PROBLEM OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. By *Count Antonio Cippico.* Yale University Press. $2.

THE BLIGHT OF ASIA. By *George Horton.* Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

THE NEW BALTIC STATES. By *Owen Rutter.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

EUROPE AND THE EAST. By *Norman Dwight Harris.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

NOW IS THE TIME. By *Arthur Ponsonby.* Seltzer. $2.50.

THE ROAD TO PEACE. By *Herman Bernstein.* Frank Maurice. $2.50.

Poetry

MAY DAYS: An Anthology of *Masses-Liberator* Verse, Chosen and Edited by GENEVIEVE TAGGARD. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $3.

This collection of poems culled from the files of the defunct *Masses* and *Liberator* magazines has a unity stronger than that which obtains with most anthologies. For it is a unity of essence, of that spirit which informed the *Masses* and, to a lesser degree, the *Liberator*. This spirit is perhaps best summed up in the lyrical will to revolt, the verbose humanitarianism which obviously seemed to the poets a matter of hard ideology but which, from the slight vantage point of today, we can recognize as merely another key to the emotional outpouring necessary for the poetic act. Thus, it cannot be said that Max Eastman's twilight longing for beauty is essentially different from Arturo Giovanitti's desire for revolution, or from Carl Sandburg's intense stutterings against the age. But this is not anomalous; it is rather proof of that extraordinarily necessary rôle played by the *Masses* in affording outlet for an expression whose very unity was stamp of its authenticity. "May Days" is a monument to the *Masses.*

THE ENGLISH MADRIGAL. (The World's Manuals). By EDMUND H. FELLOWES. Oxford University Press. 1925. $1.40.

In this little book of one hundred pages, Dr. Fellowes, the foremost authority on Elizabethan and Jacobean music, has done a remarkably fine piece of work. In this brief compass he writes of Elizabethan society; he explains the essential qualities of madrigal music and verse; and he gives brief biographies of all the Tudor and Stuart madrigal composers. This is a thoroughly delightful volume and even those who are familiar with Dr. Fellowes' longer work, "English Madrigal Composers," will find here some new material, especially in the chapter entitled "Music in the Elizabethan Home." One can heartily recommend this book which should introduce to American singers much music of great value, music too long forgotten.

WITCH GIRL. By *Gertrude Callaghan.* Blue Faun.

LAUGHING ANN AND OTHER POEMS. By *A. P. Herbert.* Doubleday, Page. $2.

AVENUES OF SONG. By *Mary Ballard Duryee.* Brick Row Book Shop.

SANCTUARY. By *Virginia Stait.* London: Stockwell.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

INFORMATION · BIOGRAPHY · HISTORY · TRAVEL · BOOKS · OF

Dependent America

WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

Former Secretary of Commerce

This arresting volume applies the economic gauge to our national life and upsets all theories to the effect that America is independent. The analysis clears the way for a sound foreign policy based on economic relations. $2.50

PURSUING THE WHALE

Captain John A. Cook

A whaling-captain's graphic account of a long, arduous and successful career which extended over forty-eight eventful years. Illustrated. $4.00

GRAVEN IMAGES

Caresse Crosby

A joyous and pagan delight in beauty runs through this collection of poems. $1.50

GARDEN-MAKING

Elsa Rehmann

Wholly new and refreshing are the many ideas which Miss Rehmann offers to the ever-increasing group of garden makers in a volume attractively illustrated by Antoinette Perrett. $3.50

GOD AND TONY HEWITT

Albert Kinross

An unforgettable picture of the war in the Near East and of the struggle even more arduous in the hearts of two young people. $2.00

WILD HEART

Isabelle Sandy

The author of "Andorra" tells a vigorous and dramatic story of life in the Pyrenees. $2.00

THE SACRED TREE

Lady Murasaki

"The second volume of 'The Tale of Genji' is more suavely potent than the first. Not so much a book as sorcery."—Witter Bynner in the *New York Herald Tribune.* Translated from the Japanese. $3.50

Limited Edition **Classic Concord** *Caroline Ticknor*

Carefully edited selections from the Concord writings of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts. Illustrated. $7.50

FICTION · POETRY · BELLES LETTRES · CHILDRENS BOOKS ·

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Columbia University Press

2960 Broadway New York, N. Y.

THE FOUNDATIONS AND NATURE OF VERSE

By Cary F. Jacob

Authoritative opinion of students of English metrics on basic similarities of prose, verse and music, and of their distinguishing differentiations, are presented in this work. The author's conclusions as a result of his own investigations are also given. The questions answered are of importance to all students of poetry.
Pp. ix+231. $2.50

AT BOOKSTORES
Or direct from the Publishers
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

A TERRIFIC DRAMA

The real Don Juan—Isabella, the crusader queen, the arch inquisitor Torquemada, Columbus and others of the world's most amazing personalities play out the drama of their lives in—

VIRGIN SPAIN

by Waldo Frank

William McFee in the N.Y. World, writes:

"VIRGIN SPAIN is not *about* Spain. *It is* Spain. I am not acquainted with the conditions of the Pulitzer awards but if there is a prize for the work of most profound originality, for the work expressing in the most arresting way the spirit of an alien civilization reacting upon an authentic American artist, VIRGIN SPAIN should receive the earnest consideration of the judges." *Octavo $3.00*

Boni & Liveright, N. Y.

GOOD BOOKS

Third Large Printing

The Year's Best Book

The SILVER STALLION

By

James Branch Cabell

The greatest novel since "Jurgen," by our most distinguished novelist.

Kalki edition, $2.50

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & CO.
New York

George Agnew Chamberlain's

MAN ALONE

$2.00 at booksellers
G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

"THE YARN OF A YANKEE PRIVATEER." Edited by *Nathaniel Hawthorne* (Funk & Wagnallis).

"SMARANDA." By *Lord Thomson of Cardington* (Doran).

"CYCLOPS' EYE." By *Joseph Auslander* (Harpers).

B. E. K., New Haven, Conn., asks for material on the subject of fauns, satyrs, Pan, and other nature-creatures; "not the sort of thing found under the head of demonology, but something like the short stories of Margaret Sherwood. I wish I could find something as convincing as Mary Austin's 'Outland.'"

STEPHEN McKENNA'S latest novel, "The Oldest God" (Little, Brown), has been thrilling thousands with a creepy account of what happened to an English country house party in high society on the appearance as guest of the authentic Pan. A sardonic reader may note that the coming of the pagan power affects the party less in quality than in quantity of production: they were pretty far gone, before he removed their last inhibitions. Ada Barnet's "The Joyous Adventurer" (Putnam) has the best faun in contemporary fiction: a foundling baby turns out to be one, grows up among men and women and meets life with the advantages and handicaps of his condition; a book incredible and convincing. Then there is of course "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" and Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," and what was that play in which William Faversham wore a leopard-skin? If you call Puck a variant of Pan that lets in Barrie's "Dear Brutus" (Scribner), for there is a visibly present Puck in that lovely play, and you could include Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Rewards and Fairies" (Doubleday). There is "Peter Pan," and all the versions of his story, including "The Little White Bird." There is a man with most of the qualities of a faun or some sort of a nature-spirit, in Hugh Walpole's "Maradick at Forty" (Doran), in whom the curious might discern a tendency later developed by the author in the hero of the "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair" (Doran). Algernon Blackwood's earlier novels are full of strange wood-folk: in "The Centaur," "Prisoners in Fairyland" and "The Extra Day" you never know what you may see peering through the bushes. Gracious figures tower in James Stephens's "Demigods," and "The Crock of Gold" (Macmillan), and if you need chapter and verse for Irish survivals there is any amount of actual evidence taken down by W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory in "Visions and Beliefs of the West of Ireland" (Putnam), a book that gave me a new light on the whole subject of evidence. I may add that I possess this book no longer: I lent it to a valued family retainer and she refused to let me have it back because she said I did not take it right. She seemed determined to save the little people from the power of the unbeliever. So she gave me a copy of "Glories of Mary" to show there was no ill-feeling and we called it square—and Lady Gregory's leprechauns are now, no doubt, careering through the woods of New Hampshire, to which state she retired.

There is a creature in Franz Werfel's "Goat Song" (Doubleday) that surely belongs somewhere in this collection. Would a vampire come in? for there is a whole set of undeniable ones in Bram Stoker's classic of horror, "Dracula" (Doubleday)—that reminds me, it is getting time to read that again; it takes several years for the effect to wear off. In the April *Harper's Magazine* there is a story, "Eblis," by Theodora Du Bois, with not only a veritable unicorn but a devil and St. Michael to oust him in battle, all in a fashionable suburb.

Curious that within a stone's throw of Columbia University there should be two statues of this race. Crossing the campus one night when the moon was struggling through mist, before the War, I took the wrong turn and had the thrill of my life by coming for the first time upon George Grey Barnard's "Pan," looming through the vapors as if he owned the place. And a few blocks away, in Morningside Park, there is—or was when last I passed by—a fountain beside a boulder, over which leans a baby satyr looking for his playmate, the bear. I never went by but some child was somehow petting the bronze woodling. They have polished bright whole sections of him with their loving hands: dozens of times in a sunny day they wash his face and dry it on grimy little handkerchiefs. Once when I passed, an incredibly dirty little boy was performing this service; as I paused he looked over his shoulder at me and said, in a voice of indescribable tenderness, "D'little feller! He's got goat legs!—D'little feller!" And with loving looks, resumed his companionship with the wild.

THE "cynical friend" who was to be cured of his tendency by hot applications of literature, was at once offered advice by readers. *E. K. J., Urbana, Ill.*, tells him to read Benjamin Ellis Martin's "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb"—this, I may add, is a remarkable little book published by Scribner, and one that no lover of Elia should miss. She quotes from it:

> So he was at hand from that day on, all through his life, holding her and helping her in the frequent successive returns of her wretched malady. His gentle, loving, resolute soul proved its fine and firm fibre under the strain of more than forty years of undeviating devotion. He quietly gave up all other ties and cares and pleasures for this supreme duty; he never for one hour remitted his vigil; he never even said to himself that he was doing something fine.

E. K. J. adds that "the book about Lamb, taken with his essays, are enough to cleanse any man from cynicism." *A. L. H., University of Virginia*, evidently prescribes hairs from the dog that bit him—if I were sure that this establishment had a font of Greek type I would risk an obvious pun at this point—for he suggests two recently published short stories: Sherwood Anderson's "Brothers," the first story in O'Brien's collection for 1921, and Conrad Aiken's "The Dark City," in "Stories from the *Dial*" (Dial Press). He says: "The first is bitter and strong; we're all like pretty leaves beaten down by rain. The second is light but no less cynical underneath; we're maggots, it is true—but what of it? The latter is delightfully written and doesn't rub in the point. If the cynical friend wants to jump back some distance, he might like Swift's 'Abolishing of Christianity' and 'A Modest Proposal.'"

R. E. B., Ohio State University, writes with a strong personal interest in the "cynical friend"—he says one of the ladies might have written that request for his benefit, "if they ever took that much interest in me. Only recently I learned that I had been insulted all those many, many times that I have been called 'sarcastic' by one of your fair caretakers." He goes on:

> Truly, it seems to me that the undesirable phases of cynicism in men of English blood are very likely to proceed from too damned much Hebraism. The antidote is either, as Arnold suggested, Hellenism, or better a solid Anglo Saxon diet. Let me suggest then, Thackeray ("What well constituted Briton dislikes roast beef merely because it is transitory?"), Fielding, and above all the novels of Thomas Love Peacock, especially the far too neglected "Maid Marian." Beside the beautiful sunshine of Peacock's mood and style, and his complete freedom from Oriental spiritual morbidity, he includes in his work some lovely drinking songs that might well come from the Greek anthology.
>
> May I add the name of the one other work that has helped to pull me out of the blacker depths of "cynicism," "La Rotisserie de la Reine Pedauque."

The Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon, a familiar landmark to thousands of American tourists who visit Shakespeare's birthplace each year, was totally destroyed by fire on March 5th. The Shakespeareana, including the four folios of 1623, 1632, 1664 and 1685, together with relics, prints, portraits and statuary, were all saved.

YOU ARE A WRITER. **Don't you ever need help in marketing your work?**

I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable.

Send for my circular, I am closely in touch with the market for books, short stories, articles and verses, and I have a special department for plays and motion pictures.

The Writers' Workshop, Inc.
135 East 58th Street
New York City

Mathilde Weil

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS ASSOCIATION — MEMBER — ABA — ESTABLISHED 1900 WITH BOOKS

Birthday

The good old-fashioned custom of celebrating once each year the anniversary of one's birth is beginning to disappear. It seems that some of our contemporaries are loath to admit the passage of time. There is something about maturity that the perennially young cannot understand. If most of us grew to be deserving of respect and attained a real dignity as we age, there might be fewer adherents to the new creed.

* * * *

There is today an organization that has passed through its 'teens and may, at the age of twenty-six, be considered mature. Far from being ashamed of its advanced years, the members of this body are preparing to celebrate the birthday over a period of four days, May 10-13, in "the center of the center of the United States," St. Louis, Missouri. Instead of mourning over a rapidly approaching senility, proof will be advanced that age, rather than youth, is everlasting.

* * * *

Members of the *American Booksellers' Association*, bookmen and women from all parts of the country, will attend. Walter McKee of Sheehan's, the President; John Kidd of Stewart-Kidd, Cincinnati; Hulings Brown of Little, Brown, Boston; Stanley Remington of Baltimore; Anna Morris of J. L. Hudson's, Detroit; Harry Korner of Cleveland—all officers of the Association, and hundreds of others who are probably known to many of the readers will be there. There will be others besides booksellers: Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick of the St. Louis Public Library, Chancellor Hadley of Washington University, Noble Cathcart of the *Saturday Review*, publishers, authors, etc., etc.

* * * *

And for four days these men and women will discuss the manners, methods and means of book distribution; types of books, public service, reviewing, and the many thousands of details that make the book business so fascinating. On Wednesday night, May 12, there will be an "authors' night" at Field Hall, Washington University, broadcast through radio station K M O X.

* * * *

This is a "business birthday," not only a time for mirth and song, but the period at which we "take stock" and make our New Year's resolutions. Everything that is done at this time will be reflected in the actions of the members of the *A. B. A.* and all others in the book trade when they have occasion to come into contact with the book reading public.

ELLIS W. MEYERS,
Executive Secretary,
American Booksellers' Association.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He lost his soul in a London restaurant . .

Gian-Lucca, strange, lovable, thwarted artist . . . idol of the Italian colony in London . . . was withering with loneliness. He almost went mad in the restaurant . . . yet each day he grew more famous. This book, written on a huge scale, creates a new tradition. It is the biggest discovery since "The Constant Nymph." ALFRED NOYES calls it "a remarkable novel of rare beauty—head and shoulders above general contemporary fiction."

ADAM'S BREED
By RADCLYFFE HALL
$2.50

Walt Whitman was the greatest American poet . . . and the best-loved and worst-hated. Here is his story, as robust as Whitman himself—an essential book. "An extraordinarily fine piece of work," says BLISS PERRY.

THE MAGNIFICENT IDLER
By CAMERON ROGERS
$2.50

The story of Molly and Auberon, who were born in the Yellow Nineties. How they grew up and faced war and love and the world is the theme of this truly fine novel . . . unqualifiedly beautiful. Already a best-seller in England.

ROUGH JUSTICE
By C. E. MONTAGUE
$2.50

Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Phoenix Nest

WE are glad to hear that *Louis Bromfield* has been enjoying, in London, *Ben Travers'* dramatization of his (Travers's) story, "The Cuckoo in the Nest." * * * Bromfield went with *E. V. Lucas*, who was attending the performance for the fourteenth time. * * * We hope to hit London ourselves sometime this month, and that's one play we are going to see, because we have so revelled in Travers's hilarious and ridiculous books. * * * We have received the *New Masses*, which seems a husky infant,—seems to us even a size larger, in actual format, than the parent paper. * * * Since last April, at first under the name *Dumbook*, and latterly under the name *The San Francisco Review*, *David Warren Ryder* and *G. I. Marten*, of Mill Valley, California, have been publishing a little literary magazine on the coast. * * * They have had no financial backing, but with one year behind them they feel that the worst is over. * * * We wish them all success in their interesting experiment. * * * We have been interested in *E. Merrill Root's* "A Note on *Richard Hovey*" in the first issue of the *Poetry Folio*, published at 5176 Woodlawn Avenue, Pittsburgh. * * * Hovey's, as Mr. Root says, is the poetry of Youth, and in our own youth there was no American singer who meant more to us; and, good heavens, his "Stein Song" used to be sung wherever young people congregated, all over America, when we were a fledgling! * * * Nobody knew who wrote it, they just remembered it as sung in the theatre. * * * *The Poetry Folio*, by the way,—composition, design, selection of material,—reflects credit upon *Mr. Stanley Burnshaw*, its chief instigator. * * * At the recent convention of the National League of Women Voters was printed *The Ballot-Box Review*, in which appeared what seems like a parody-ad for the Modern Library. It pretends to advertise the Futurist Library. Among the books announced are "Gentlemen Prefer Blahs, a Study in Behaviorism," and "The Private Life of Helen of Albany or When Greek Meets Greek." * * * *Frank Shay*, the blue-eyed bookseller that was, now comes forward, after much anthologizing of the drama and producing of plays in his Provincetown Barnstormers' Theatre, with a book called "The Practical Theatre," in which no space is given to empty theories but into which is packed a lot of solid advice to little theatres, community players and amateur producing groups,—practical discussion covering every phase of small producing and always getting down to brass tacks. * * * "The Yarn of a Yankee Privateer" (Funk & Wagnalls) has been getting a lot of publicity lately owing to its connection with *Nathaniel Hawthorne*. * * * *Dr. Clifford Smythe* brought the MS. into book-form, his wife being a granddaughter of Hawthorne. * * * His introduction to the volume is most interesting. Seven years ago the unsigned MS. turned up among some of Hawthorne's preserved papers. It is a narrative of a Yankee privateer in the war of 1812. It was found later to fit into a serial edited by Hawthorne and published in the old *United States Magazine and Democratic Review* under the title "Papers of an Old Dartmoor Prisoner." The Yankee privateersman was later captured by the British and confined in Dartmoor. * * * Dr. Smyth says that the narrative "is most emphatically not by Nathaniel Hawthorne." Hawthorne merely edited it. * * * *Rose Maccaulay's* latest is a book of—not exactly essays—but pungent papers on all sorts of things under the general head of "A Casual Commentary." It is published by Boni & Liveright. * * * Two recent noteworthy books of poetry are *George Sterling's* "Lilith," and *Joseph Auslander's* "Cyclops' Eye," the former from Macmillan, the latter from Harper's. * * * "Putnam's Complete Book of Quotations, Proverbs, and Household Words," edited by *W. Gurney Benham*, is an excellent reference work, really indispensable to every public and private library. * * * This special American edition has been issued under arrangement with the English publishers. It has a full verbal and classified index. * * * The Vickers Gold Medallist, *Edward Hobbs*, A. I. N. A., has produced "Sailing Ships at a Glance," which also appears through Putnam. * * * If you are fond of ships and their history, here is a concise pictorial record of the evolution of the sailing-ship from the earliest times until today. * * * The author has made one hundred and fifty excellent illustrations for it. * * * *Albert Mordell* has compiled "Notorious Literary Attacks." His collection opens with *Hazlitt's* "The Round Table." It includes, of course, *Lockhart's* famous (or infamous) diatribe upon "The Cockney School of Poetry," *Wilson* on *Coleridge*, *John Taylor Coleridge* on "The Revolt of Islam," *John Morley* vs. *Swinburne*, *Robert Buchanan* vs. *Rossetti* and the "Fleshly School," *Andrew Lang* on *Thomas Hardy's* "Tess," and other matter as extraordinary. * * * *Henley* on *Graham Balfour's* life of "R. L. S.," of course! There is a full evening's queer entertainment in this volume, leading one to muse on the vagaries of critics and to marvel that even great writers do not perish untimely of apoplexy. * * * But there were giants of sarcasm in those days! * * * Speaking of collections, our indefatigable friend, *Joseph Lewis French*, has put forth a delectable new anthology in "The Book of the Rogue" (both his compilation and Mordell's are Boni & Liveright books). He has *Stevenson* on *Villon*, *Dumas* on the Borgias, *Esquemeling* on Sir Henry Morgan, and so on. * * * He here embalms the Queen of Sharpers, the greatest of Literary Forgers, *Balzac's* "Vautrin," Charles Peace, the Master-Thief, and Slade, the Border-Ruffian. * * * Count Cagliostro, of course, and Jonathan Wild! * * * Lor, what precious history the rogues and rakes of all time do make!

AN ENGLISH PAINTING OF THE AUTHOR OF "LOLLY WILLOWES"

* * * And *Eugene O'Neill* couldn't of course, keep off Marco Polo. Only he sees Marco as the Babbitt of his time. His new play is called "Marco's Millions." * * * *Parade*, that Magazine in Book Form and Without a Policy (even Insurance) has a new issue out, to which our old friend *Lawton Mackall* is a new contributor, with a snappy story. * * * And *Louis Untermeyer* has completed the last lap of his lecture tour with a lecture at the University of Georgia in Athens, *the Athens*. * * * And *Dawson Powell*, undergraduate of Southern Methodist University, editor of *The Buccaneer*, and poet, has brought a national prize to S. M. U. for the fourth time, in winning the first prize offered by that U. for the best poem submitted by an undergraduate of any college or university in America. * * * He won with a poem "Song of the Airway." The judges were *Witter Bynner*, *Lizette Woodworth Reese* and *Hervey Allen*. * * * Watch for *Ernest Hemingway's* "The Torrents of Spring" (Scribner) in May. We *renew* that injunction. A mighty good tale, we hear, with satirical intent. * * * Two light novels we have greatly enjoyed of late: *Nancy Hoyt's* "Roundabout," and *Thornton Wilder's* "Cabala." Gosh, these young people are clever! And yet they're so intensely readable. * * * Well, *Sylvia Thompson* is married, after "The Hounds of Spring" reached thirty-eight thousand. * * * Both she and the author of "The Constant Nymph" were educated at Cheltenham and Somerville. * * * And *Howard W. Odum* and *Guy B. Johnson* are getting out, through the University of North Carolina Press, a book of "Negro Workaday Songs." * * * And we'd admire to hear our friend, *Paul Robeson*, sing this one from it. He could certainly make it hum:

Everywhere I look this
Look this mornin'
Looks like rain.
I got rainbow tied round my shoulder.
Ain't gonna rain
Lawd, ain't gonna rain.

* * * Salue!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

THE BIRTH OF THE GODS

BY DMITRI S. MEREZHKOVSKY

A romance of life in ancient Crete full of power and a weird beauty
$2.00

Of related interest, but derived from Indian sources, are three volumes in the series of

BROADWAY TRANSLATIONS

quaint, colorful and fantastic, but all woven around the symbolism of the Orient.

TIBETAN TALES

Translated from the Tibetan of the KAHGYUR by F. Anton von Schiefner and from the German into English by W. R. S. Ralston, M.A., with an Introduction. New edition, with a preface by C. A. F. Rhys Davids. $5.00

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Translated from the French version of Jacques Bacot by H. I. Woolf. Illustrated with native designs by V. Goloubew. $3.00

BUDDHIST BIRTH STORIES

Jataka Tales. Translated from Fausbell's Pali Text by T. W. Rhys Davids. New and Revised Edition by Mrs. Rhys Davids. $3.00

The oldest, most complete and most important collection of Buddhist folk-lore extant.

E.P. DUTTON & CO., 681 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

George Tompkins was one of the sad young men—

He worked too hard at leading a balanced life.

All the Sad Young Men
By F. Scott Fitzgerald

$2.00 at all bookstores Scribners

THE WINDY HILL
THE WINDY HILL
THE WINDY HILL
THE WINDY HILL
THE WINDY HILL

Ask your bookseller to show you page 1 of
THE WINDY HILL
A love story by Jennings Perry
Just published by SIMON AND SCHUSTER. $2

THE WINDY HILL
THE WINDY HILL
THE WINDY HILL

"A joyful souse into the fountain of youth,"

says Wm. Allen White of

Our Times: The Turn of the Century

By Mark Sullivan

610 pages 213 illustrations

$5 at bookstores Scribners

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

SECOND McCUTCHEON SALE

PART II of the library of George Barr McCutcheon, the novelist, consisting of collections of Charles Dickens and William M. Thackeray, were sold at the American Art Galleries April 21 and 22, 512 lots bringing nearly $50,000. The two evening sessions were both well attended by dealers, collectors and observers, and many new high records were recorded. The highest price, $7,000, was paid for the first edition of Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," London, 1836-37. The cataloguer in a note said:

"This set of Pickwick may well be regarded as one of the finest in existence. It has all the 'points' and the parts are in extremely good condition. John F. Dexter and Frank Sabine, both well known English experts on Dickens, have passed upon this copy and pronounce it to be well nigh perfect. In several particulars it differs from and improves upon the Lapham, Coggeshall and other well known copies, and in the matter of plates disagrees with John C. Eckel, in his bibliography of Dickens. An interesting and valuable feature of this set is the inclusion of a set of second and in some cases third state plates of the illustrations."

Other important items and the prices realized were the following:

Dickens (Charles). "Sketches by 'Boz'," 2 vols., 12 mo., cloth, in case, London, 1836. First issue of the first edition. $450.

Dickens. "Sketches by 'Boz'," 8vo, in the 20 original parts, original wrappers, London, 1837-39. First octavo edition and the first in parts. $930.

Dickens. "The Strange Gentleman," 16mo, levant morocco by Stikeman, London, 1837. Rare original issue of which only a few copies are known. $1,000.

Dickens. "Songs, Choruses, and Concerted Pieces in the Operatic Burletta of the Village Coquettes," 12mo, levant morocco, by Zaehnsdorf, London, 1837. Rare first edition, the identical copy mentioned by Eckel in his "Bibliography." $670.

Dickens. "Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby," 8vo, original 20 parts in 19, in cases, London, 1838. First edition with author's A. L. S. mentioning this work in series. $260.

Dickens. "Oliver Twist," 3 vols., 12mo, original cloth, in cases, London, 1838. Earliest issue of the first edition. $420.

Dickens. "A Christmas Carol," 12mo, original cloth, in case, London, 1843. First issues of the first edition. Said to be one of four copies known with the yellow end papers and "Stave I" on the first page of text, as in this copy. $430.

Dickens. "The Chimes," 12mo, original cloth, in case, London, 1845. First issue of the first edition. $210.

Dickens. "Oliver Twist," 8vo, in the 10 monthly parts, original wrappers, in case, London, 1846. First octavo edition and the first in parts. $500.

Dickens. "The Battle of Life," 16mo, original cloth, in case, London, 1846. Rare genuine first issue of the first edition. Of this real first issue only a few copies are known to be in existence. $1,975.

Dickens. "The Cricket on the Hearth," 12mo, original cloth, in case, London, 1846. First issue of the first edition with the inscription, "George Cruikshank, from his Friend, Charles Dickens. Twenty-first December, 1845." $1,450.

Dickens. "The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain," 12mo, original cloth, in case, London, 1848. Second issue of the first edition, with author's presentation inscription. $920.

Dickens. *The Gadshill Gazette*, 12 numbers and two supplements, 4to and 8vo, in case, Gadshill, 1864-65. Believed to be the most complete file known. $1,450.

Dickens. "Great Expectations," a reading, in three stages. 8vo, morocco, London, 1866. Probably not more than two or three copies known to be in existence. $1,025.

Dickens. "Mrs. Gamp," as condensed by the novelist for his readings, 8vo, half morocco, Boston, 1868. First issue of the first edition, with author's presentation inscription. $1,800.

Thackeray (W. M.), "Vanity Fair," 8vo, 20 parts in 19, original pictorial yellow wrappers, in case, London, 1848. Fine copy of the first issue of the first edition, with all of the collector's points. $2,425.

Thackeray. "King Glumpus," 12mo, levant morocco by Reviere, London, 1837. First edition. $1,300.

Thackeray. "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," 16mo, wrappers, London, 1841. Rare first issue of the first edition. $500.

Thackeray. "Illustrations to the Surprising Adventures of Three Men," royal 8vo, original cloth, in case, London, 1848. First and only edition of this work. $1,100.

Thackeray. "William Makepeace Thackeray at Clevedon Court," illustrations, 4to, levant morocco, by Reviere, Bristol, 1860. First edition. These drawings were made at Clevedon Court for members of the Elton family. $1,025.

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: PRINTERS & BINDERS :: WRITERS' SERVICES

Single insertion rate: 7 cents a word

BARGAIN OFFERS

MESSRS. DAUBER & PINE invite all Booklovers to visit their most interesting Bookshop, where their large, choice and richly varied stock of Old, Rare and New Books in all fields of Literature may be leisurely inspected in comfortable surroundings. Open Evenings. Out-of-Print Books supplied. Catalogues free. Libraries and small collections of Books purchased. DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, Inc., 64-66 Fifth Avenue. Phone Chelsea 5670.

LET US SEND YOU our new catlogue of Book Bargains, First Editions, Unusual Importations, and Americans. You'll appreciate our low prices. Chelsea Book Shop, 365 West 15th Street, New York City.

LIST OF BOOK BARGAINS issued monthly. Sent free NEDWICK'S BOOK STORE, 346-N-Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

NEW BOOKS AT BARGAIN PRICES. Henry Adams Bellows' Translation of Historia Calamitatum (Abelard's Own Story) pub. $10.00, postpaid $3.75. Chappell's Bibliography of H. G. Wells pub. $3.00 postpaid $1.00. The Cook Book of Left Overs pub. $1.00, postpaid 40c. Punnett, Mimicry in Butterflies (16 plates, color) pub. $6.00, postpaid $2.75. Confessions of Rousseau complete $3.00 special. Washington Book Co., 1012 N. Rush St., Chicago, Ill.

15% DISCOUNT FROM PUBLISHED PRICES ON ANY NEW BOOK PUBLISHED. (Add 10c. per volume for postage). Hermes Library Service, 81 Nassau St., New York City.

SCOTT NEARING'S BEST BOOKS, the American Empire and the Next Step, two volumes for $1.10 postpaid. Robert L. Leslie, 325 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARTIN'S BOOK SHOP offers good books at low prices. Let us fill your wants. 97-Fourth Avenue. Stuyvesant 1605.

SYMONDS, JOHN ADDINGTON, a biographical study by Van Wyck Brooks. List price, $2.00. Our price, $1.00 post paid. Mercury Book Mart, 1472 Broadway, New York City.

RARE EDITIONS

RARE AND CHOICE BOOKS including Bruce Rogers, Colored Plate Books, Ornithology, First Editions are listed in our catalogue No. 162. Sent free on request. Goodspeed's Book Shop, 9-a Ashburton Place, Boston.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS. Interesting catalogue of Books from 15th to 20th Century, mailed free on application. Howes Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England.

RUSSIAN BOOKS, Art, Music, English Translations. Central Book Trading Company (Wholesale, Retail), 239 East 10th Street, Lexington 6839.

CATALOGUE ON REQUEST. First editions (D. H. Lawrence, Machen, etc.), Publications of Nonesuch Press, Bruce Rogers items, and other choice and interesting books. Moderately priced. J. Henry Guntzer, Jr., 51 North Regent St., Port Chester, N. Y.

FIRST EDITION old and rare books. M. E. Northwall, 641 Peters Trust Bldg., Omaha, Nebr.

AMERICANA. Send for catalog No. 2 of books about the history of New York City and State. Arthur B. Carlson, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

RARE BOOK CO., 99 Nassau St., New York, dealers in old historical books, Christian Science literature, old laws, autographed letters. Catalogues furnished.

A CATALOGUE that will interest you has just been issued. Illustrated Books Fine Bindings, First Editions, Sporting Books, Ships, and Miscellaneous Items. Sent on Request. Frank C. Brown, 44 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS WANTED. Good prices will be given for desirable letters written by Roosevelt, Wilson Harding, Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Zachary Taylor, John Adams, Washington, Franklin, John Paul Jones, Poe, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Mark Twain, John Howard Payne, Lafcadio Hearn and other distinguished Americans. Poems, Hymns and other ms. of famous authors particularly desired. Miscellaneous collections purchased. Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston, Mass.

SPECIALISTS

If you want books about Italy we can assist you. The ITALIAN LITERARY GUIDE SERVICE, DARIEN, CONNECTICUT.

THE NORTH NODE, an Occult Book Shop, 114 East 57th St. Books on Occultism, Mysticism, Metaphysics, Astrology, The Kabbalah, The Tarot, Hermetics, Alchemy, Symbolism, The Rosicrucians Theosophy, Comparative Religions, Ancient Civilization, Mythology, Folklore, and kindred subjects—old, rare and out-of-print, new and contemporary.

AMERICANA. Catalogue No. 161,—1,441 titles—The West; Indians; Communism; Lincoln; California; Revolution; Pirates Navy; Whaling; Ships; Maritime Adventures and many other interesting subjects. Mailed on request. Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston, Mass.

WRITERS' SERVICE

AUTHORS PUBLICATION SERVICE, Editorial, Manufacturing, Distributing, etc. Biographies, Histories, Special Works, Geneaologies, Theses, etc. The Branwell Company, 406 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS CRITICIZED, Revised, Typed, Advice as to markets, Twenty-five years as writer, editor, publisher. Circular on request. Also catalog thirty text-books for writers. James Knapp Reeve (Founder and former editor of The Editor) 3 Alex Bldg., Franklin, Ohio.

AUTHORS' AND ARTISTS' representative, literary adviser. Manuscripts sold. Grace Aird, 342 Madison Avenue, New York. Vanderbilt 9344.

FOREIGN LITERATURE

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, GERMAN books. Free catalogue, state language desired. Schoenhof's—established 1856—387 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

GENEALOGY

GENEALOGIES; family and town histories. Genealogical research. Charles O'Connor, 21 Spruce St., New York.

GENEALOGIES AND COATS-OF-ARMS, Genealogy Magazine, Pompton Lakes, New Jersey.

LANGUAGES

WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM MASTERKEY to all languages. Primers, $1.94; Chinese, French, Spanish, Alphagams, 30c. Dictionaries, $1.98. Languages, 8 West 40th, New York.

GENERAL ITEMS

ANTIQUES, ENGRAVING AND ETCHING, Furniture, Fine Printing, Porcelain and Pottery, Tapestries, and other subjects for the Collector, six hundred titles described in Catalogue No. 33 mailed on request. Monthly catalogues on various subjects. G. A. Baker & Co., 480 Lexington Ave., New York.

GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP is known throughout the world. Booklovers far and near draw on its ever-changing stores of Rare Books, Prints, and Autographs. Catalogues mailed on request. When in Boston browse in Goodspeed's 5-a Park Street and 9-a Ashburton Place.

O'MALLEY'S BOOK STORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.). Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable. Expert service. Open evenings.

FIRST EDITIONS AS THEY APPEAR. Send us list of authors you are collecting and we will see that you receive their first editions as they come from the press. Post free. Write for details. Post-Box Book Service, 25 West 42d Street, New York.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, current books of English and American fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, art, essays, can now be procured from Eugene Pell, 1208 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HISTORICAL MATERIAL RELATING to pioneer conditions in the West and South; catalogues on application. Hudson Book Co., 25 West 42d St., New York.

FOR SALE: No. 47, first (limited) edition of SUSPENSE by Conrad. Alban E. Rogers, 43 Grove, Ashville, N. C.

MAX N. MAISEL, 424 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK. The first bookstore in New York (Established 1893) to discern the oncoming of an American intelligentsia and to gather and carry the best collection of good books for the intellectual reader.

"THE WORLD AT MIDNIGHT" contains each month our unusual catalog of odd and strange books, autographs, prints and literary curiosities. Open Book Shop, 58 West Washington, Chicago.

EVERY BOOK IN CREATION. Pratt, 161 Sixth Ave., New York.

FAMILY, TOWN, COUNTY AND STATE HISTORIES. Catalogs on request. The Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th St., New York.

SEND FOR CATALOG of most interesting books in the world. Dr. French, 2407 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

PHILOSOPHY. An Autobiographical Fragment by Henrie Waste, $1.00. Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47th Street.

CURRENT ENGLISH BOOKS. The Holliday Bookshop, 49 East 49th St., New York.

PLAYS wanted, especially original work by new writers. Frieda Fishbein, Play Broker, 104 West 42nd St., New York City.

REMAINDER CATALOGUES OF NEW BOOKS sent free. Standard Book Company, 235 West 23rd Street.

A COMPENDIUM OF COMPOUND WORDS tells, in a moment's reference, when and when not to use the hyphen in a compound word. 104 pp. $1.50. P. O. Landon, G3816 Third St., Des Moines, Iowa.

MAPS

PLAN OF NEW YORK IN 1664. Compiled from Olde Maps, Documents. Ye olde Dutch Towne as seen by ye flying bird. Ye picture map in many colours, shewing owner's Names, Homes, ye Fort, Windmill. Historical facts. 14 by 22 inches. Send $1.00 to Frank Bittner, 81 Irving Place, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books on all subjects quickly supplied at lowest cost. We also specialize in first editions, rare items, genealogies, magazines, English books, etc. No charge or obligation for this service. Announcements free. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. 326, 500 Fifth Ave., New York. Longacre 10435. (Largest exclusive out-of-print specialists in the world.)

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS promptly supplied at most reasonable prices. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York. Caledonia 0047.

THE OUT-OF-PRINT department of BRUSSEL'S will locate the books you want. Brussel's, 57 Fourth Avenue, New York.

YOUR BOOK WANTS solicited. Back numbers of magazines. Thomas M. Salisbury. 87 Fourth Avenue, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS. Back number Geographics. "Desiderata" located by a book lover and a professional searcher. George G. Makenzie, 1111 Capitol Building, Chicago.

BOOKS WANTED

MORE BOOKS WANTED of the better kind. If you have any, I will gladly buy them, and give a really good price. Bender's Book Store, 84 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C. Tel. 4216 Stuyvesant.

MAKE MONEY with old books by reading our want lists every week. Sample, 10c. Book Dealers' Weekly, 730 Fifth Ave., New York.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR FINE sets and rare books. Thoms & Eron, Inc., 89 Chambers St., near B'way., N. Y.

ASK MR. KELLEHER WHAT YOUR Books and Autographed Letters, etc., are worth before you sell them. No charge for this information. Send in list or he will call by appointment, 54 West 74th St., New York City. Tel Trafalgar 8974.

COMPLETE LIBRARIES or small lots of books purchased at all times. Our representative will call at your residence and estimate. Review books our specialty. Established since 1905. Madison Book Store, 55 East 59th. Telephone, Regent 7994, 8731.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carl Sandburg's ABRAHAM LINCOLN

PUBLISHED in the beginning of February, this great work has steadily kept its place as the best biography of the year. No other book of a similar character has received such an enthusiastic welcome or had so many columns of newspaper space devoted to it. It is now in its fourth large printing, and as the *New York Times* says, it "will become a permanent part of American literature."

105 Illustrations — *Two Volumes $10.00*

"He converts its heroes from the cold, impersonal scientists of legend into brilliantly real and human men. It is an exhilarating and valuable contribution to one of the noblest chapters in the history of mankind."—H. L. MENCKEN.

MICROBE HUNTERS

By Paul De Kruif

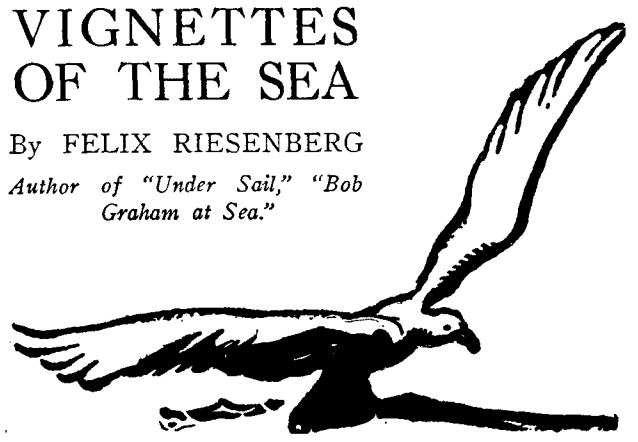
"So different from other popular science literature that it stands alone."—EDWIN E. SLOSSON. "Not a dull line in the book. One reads on and on—absorbed, fascinated."—GEORGE A. DORSEY.

4th printing — *Illustrated,* $3.50

VIGNETTES OF THE SEA

By FELIX RIESENBERG

Author of "Under Sail," "Bob Graham at Sea."



"First rate . . . a genuinely good sea book. Brief sketches composed over a period of twenty-five years. They deal with all aspects of sea life and character. The author has humor and his humor has salt."—*N. Y. Sun. Preface by Christopher Morley.* — *Illustrated,* $3.00

"In the most respectful—and sometimes in the most thrilling—sense of the phrase, it is a social document. Whoever reads it puts his wisdom teeth into thick slices of life."—*N. Y. World.*

IT'S NOT DONE

By William C. Bullitt

A brilliant American novel, the story of an aristocrat and his conflicts in love and business. "Mr. Bullitt has achieved an outstanding success."—*The Independent.* "Interesting and provocative."—*N. Y. Sun.* $2.00

Fiction:

Urkey Island

By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

"They are vivid, dramatic, and full of color, these stories."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.00

The Village in the Jungle

By LEONARD WOOLF

A vivid picture of life in a remote jungle village in Ceylon. $2.50

Turbott Wolfe

By WILLIAM PLOMER

A powerful English novel—a story of miscegnation in Africa. $2.50

Henry S. Canby's

BETTER WRITING

Dr. Canby's book pays no attention to the mere mechanics of writing, but discusses the subtler qualities of style and the psychological principles involved in getting literary effects. $1.35

Elizabeth A. Drew's

THE MODERN NOVEL

SOME ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY FICTION

For readers of fiction who want to benefit from their leisure. The author is a prominent English lecturer. $2.00

The Rise of Modern Industry

By J. L. and BARBARA HAMMOND

$2.75

Private Correspondence of Samuel Pepys

Edited by J. R. TANNER

"Pepys comes to life again in a new guise."—Daily News (London). 2 vols., $12.50

Imperial Rome

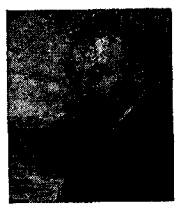
By MARTIN NILSSON

The whole period from Augustus to the downfall of the Western Empire. $5.00

"One of the few *necessary* books for a modern man."—J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

Keyserling's

THE TRAVEL DIARY of a Philosopher



Published a year ago, this amazing work is now in the full tide of its popularity. All over the world traveling Americans are absorbing Keyserling's profound wisdom.

7th Printing — *2 Vols.* $10.00

ART THROUGH THE AGES: *An Introduction to Its History and Significance*

By HELEN GARDNER

In charge of instruction in the history of art, Art Institute of Chicago.

A general survey in which the development of art through all the great periods is described and criticized. More space than in other histories is devoted to art in India, China, Japan, and America, the superlative specimens in the last country receiving special attention. The minor arts are correlated with the major ones. *With four color plates and over 800 half-tone illustrations and line drawings.* $4.00

OBERLIN'S THREE STAGES

By Jacob Wassermann

Author of "The World's Illusion," "Gold," "Faber," etc.

In the pages of Wassermann's new novel lies the explanation of his extraordinary popularity abroad and in this country, and of the statement of a prominent critic that he is "the master analyst of the human soul."—*Translated by Allen W. Porterfield.* Just ready, $2.50

Not Poppy

By VIRGINIA MOORE

"The poems show a wide versatility, both in subject matter and in treatment."—THE INDEPENDENT. $1.75

Coming! Sinclair Lewis's *New Novel* MANTRAP

Ready June 3rd — $2.00

January Garden

By MELVILLE CANE

"The reader who loves poetry will recognize something rare."—JOHN ERSKINE. $2.00

Harcourt, Brace and Company,

383 Madison Avenue New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED